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LORD ELCHO'S MOTION.

LORD ELCHO'S motion was obviously only an occasion for a debate, as it would have been absurd to adopt the terms of the Resolution. The House of Commons might as well deprive the HOME SECRETARY of his right to superintend the police as instruct the Government that it shall, under no conceivable circumstances, enter into a Congress. Indeed, Lord ELCHO himself completed the argument against his own proposal by the admission that he would be willing to trust any Minister who, in his opinion, deserved his confidence. Mr. DISRAELI was justified in his suggestion that such a motion ought to have been settled by the leader of Opposition, although he might have remembered that a similar manœuvre on the part of an independent ally, adroitly improved by himself, defeated Lord PALMERSTON on the Chinese question, and overthrew his Government on the Conspiracy Bill. Sound political doctrines are always acceptable, and perhaps it is not to be expected that they should be propounded except at the convenience of those who utter them. The best excuse for Lord ELCHO's formal irregularity was to be found in the obvious expediency of a Parliamentary discussion on the eve of the recess. Foreign Governments and nations have now the means of understanding the various opinions which are to be found in the House of Commons, and perhaps they may recognise the substantial agreement which underlies all superficial differences. The Irish representatives of the Holy See carry, on questions of Italian politics, the same weight which formerly attached, in debates on sugar or slavery, to the paid agents of Jamaica or Barbadoes who then sat on the West Indian interest for some rotten borough. The members who express the opinion of the United Kingdom may be more or less unfriendly to Austria, and a small minority amongst them may even regard with little alarm the suspicious policy of France, but in general the Italians will feel that they can rely on the good will of the House of Commons, and the Emperor NAPOLEON must fully understand the precise value of the professions of confidence which habitually flow from the diplomatic lips of Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI. It is still more important that the policy of Parliament and of the Ministry should be thoroughly understood at home. The sudden enthusiasm for neutrality has already subsided, and, as Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out, it is scarcely possible, in accordance with the ordinary or legal use of language, to be neutral between two cordial allies. Any statesman who founded a system of policy on the principle of absolute isolation would soon discover that the most active of nations will not be the first to renounce its right of sharing in the government of the world. It was well to be neutral between the wrong-doer who commenced a selfish war, and the oppressive Government which had for half a century weighed down the energies of the Italian people; but the neutrality which consists in absolute indifference between right and wrong almost justifies M. MAZZINI's rhetorical assertion, that it is neither more nor less than political atheism. It is perhaps more to the purpose to say that it amounts to a cowardly sacrifice of the peace and security of the world. When it is ascertained that any military despot may attack a neighbouring territory without the fear of a combined resistance, France, and perhaps Russia, will be ready to proceed with the great enterprises which the Sovereigns of both Empires have so often cherished. The employers of labour, when one of their number is attacked by a combination of workmen, appear not to appreciate in their private affairs the advantages of unbroken neutrality.

The history of the apocryphal project of mediation which was communicated by NAPOLEON III. to the Emperor of AUSTRIA before it was formed, has, after many manipula-

tions, not yet been rendered absolutely lucid. It seems to be certain that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, instead of simply transmitting the communication, discussed it, both with the French and with the Austrian Ambassador, in a tone which might be understood to convey a conditional approbation of its terms; but the investigation of all the inchoate negotiations, according to the different versions which have been produced, and the explanation of the extraordinary misunderstandings which have consequently divided all the great Courts of Europe, would be at once unprofitable and endless. The result was a peace which it is impossible to approve; and yet it would be unpardonable in a neutral community to regret that the belligerents had not shed the blood of another hundred thousand men. The negotiations which have averted such a calamity, though they appear to have been as much stupider than ordinary transactions of the kind as diplomacy is awkwarder than the conduct of business in private life, may be exempt, not from contempt or from future historical censure, but from a detailed criticism which may be more advantageously applied to the present condition of affairs.

The most remarkable portion of the debate consisted in Mr. GLADSTONE's brilliant oration. A leading Minister, who is at the same time eloquent and sincere, occupies a position of his own in the House of Commons. Many members are more prudent—almost all are, in ordinary cases, more intelligible—but no living speaker could have stated with equal force and effect the true cause of Italy against Austria and Rome. The apparent indiscretion of such a manifesto on the part of a Minister of the Crown was almost excused by Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD's subsequent attack on Sardinia, and by his apology for the petty Italian Princes. The two speakers proceeded on assumptions entirely opposite, for the pretensions of fugitive Princes are necessarily irreconcileable with the right of their subjects to retain the Government of their choice. The House of Commons sympathized with Mr. GLADSTONE's unhesitating recognition of a just cause; and when Lord JOHN RUSSELL, afterwards vindicated the right of successful revolution, his constitutional quotations and precedents were less inapplicable than on ordinary occasions. There was considerable felicity in the parallel between VICTOR EMMANUEL and WILLIAM of ORANGE, whose memory as the Great Deliverer was appropriately recalled to Mr. WHITESIDE's recollection. Both were, as Mr. GLADSTONE said of the King of SARDINIA, necessarily centres of agitation against their preponderating enemy; and WILLIAM III., as Lord JOHN RUSSELL observed, was not less active than his living antitype in promoting the discontents and conspiracies which favoured his lifelong designs. The letter of international law, and still more absolutely the traditions of monarchical Governments, may be on the side which commands the sympathies of Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD; but the Parliament and nation of England, remembering their own glorious history, will not encourage technical and captious objections to the efforts by which a nation approximates to freedom.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL seemed more disinclined to a Conference than either Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord PALMERSTON, and yet he said less than either of his colleagues to render it impracticable. The opinion that Austria would be stronger without her Venetian territory may be a legitimate subject of discussion in a debating society, or even in an English House of Parliament; but the doctrine, as it was laid down both by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and by the PRIME MINISTER, is as likely to be acceptable at Vienna as a similar theory respecting the Channel Islands would be to English politicians, if it were propounded in the House of Commons. Austria can scarcely waive her objections to a Congress in which the English Plenipotentiary might be supposed to desire the reduction of her remaining ter-

ritory, and a well-founded objection might be raised to a graver oversight, if it were not rather a deliberate perversity, in Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD was justified in his remark that the Government seemed to meditate participating in a Congress rather for the purpose of assisting the recent aggressor than as impartial mediators in the interest of Europe. "The Em- "peror of the FRENCH," said Mr. GLADSTONE, in the course of his argument, "is, under circumstances of "great difficulty, going to enter the circle of the other "great European Powers, there to contend for objects "of importance, the realization of which is dear to you "in your hearts; therefore, it is said, you are to give him "no assistance whatever." Mr. GLADSTONE is no sycophant, no admirer of despotism, nor is he even responsible for the silly protest against a free press which recently proceeded from several of his colleagues and opponents. Nevertheless, in his desire to believe what he wishes to be true, he assumes, without a shadow of foundation, and expresses, without the smallest reflection on the consequences of his declaration, an implicit confidence that a despot will concur in the establishment of constitutional liberty which he has not even promised to further. It was in the same spirit that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, with even graver indecorum, echoed in one of his despatches the mendacious cant of Italy being made free from the Alps to the Adriatic. If English statesmen are incapable of the dignity which any of their educated countrymen might be expected to display, they might at least remember that an ostentatious devotion to France is incompatible with the exercise of legitimate influence in the councils of Prussia and Austria. The error is even more irritating when it is committed by a Minister who, with all his numerous faults of temperament, character, and intellect, is incapable of interested baseness. With all these deductions, the debate was by no means discreditable to the House which is now about for a season to resign its functions to the more vigilant guardianship of the independent press.

RESERVES BY LAND AND SEA.

THE eager discussions on the Defences of the country, which have lately occupied Parliament and the Press almost to the exclusion of every other topic, have had at least one good effect in awakening the public mind to a more wholesome appreciation of the real task which has to be performed. The increase in our array of ships and our force of seamen and marines is the smallest part of the advantage which has been secured by the persistency with which the duty of self-defence has been insisted on. A mere temporary development of the army or the navy may be quite consistent with the perilous theory which has so long prevailed, that any amount of neglect during times of tranquillity may be atoned for by a little improvised activity when the horizon grows dark or doubtful. The seeming conflict between those who demanded ampler measures of defence and those who affected to believe in the maintenance of friendly relations with all the world, has served one good purpose in bringing out the truth which all parties have at length begun to recognise. Lord LYNDHURST and Lord PALMERSTON may form different opinions as to the probabilities of a rupture with our nearest neighbour; but both of them profess to be guided by the same principle, that the measure of our defences should be fixed without much reference to the momentary caprices of despotic rulers. Nothing can be more unjust than to stigmatize, as some have done, by the name of panic the demand for adequate security which the common sense of the country has pressed upon somewhat reluctant Ministers. The continuous military and naval preparations which were made in France in anticipation of the quarrel with Austria, and the recklessness with which the peace of Europe was broken, may have helped to stimulate the inquiry into our own condition of defence. But what was desired was not a mere spasmodic effort to meet a casual danger, but such a permanent organization of our strength as would render us comparatively indifferent to any future designs of liberating despots. War has become too rapid and scientific a game to be played successfully by an untrained nation, and it is our peace much more than our war establishment that stands in need of improvement. The firework shop may be closed for a week, or a month, or a year, but that is no reason why our ordinary insurance should not be placed upon such a footing as to dispense with the extra premiums which we are now called upon to pay at intervals when any special danger appears to threaten us.

The Bill which Lord CLARENCE PAGET has introduced for the establishment of a naval reserve, and the Militia Laws Amendment Bill, are both attempts to add to the efficiency of our permanent defences; and if they should prove as successful as some sanguine people anticipate, they will go far to remove the difficulty of effecting a rapid development of our armaments by land and sea. Both schemes proceed upon the principle of strictly voluntary engagements; and notwithstanding the preference for compulsory measures which was avowed by Lord STRATFORD and Lord KINGSDOWN, most persons will agree that the voluntary system should have at least a fair trial before the militia ballot and the navy press-gang are again put into requisition. Nothing can show more clearly the strength of the feeling against anything like a conscription than the fact that our modern volunteering system in the navy and the militia has become a settled practice, in the face of a compulsory law more stringent than exists in any Continental State. The regulated *inscription maritime*, by means of which the French navy is supplied with men, is a tender and merciful system compared with the practice of impressment, which is still recognised by the law of this country; and even in recruiting the militia, the Government retains in the ballot an instrument that is undistinguishable from the conscription which Englishmen so heartily abhor. A power which dies out by itself, without any legislative repeal, is almost incapable of being revived; and while it is certain that impressment can never again be resorted to, it is at least most undesirable to require compulsory service even in the ranks of the militia.

After all it is only a question of money. There must be some inducement which would suffice to attract men by thousands whenever they might be required; and though the experience of the naval bounty seems to show that the cost of the experiment will be considerable, it will probably not be more than taxpayers will be ready to bear in return for absolute immunity from compulsory service. Whatever the cost may be, it must be paid if we are still to reject all coercive measures; and, if the temptations offered by the Admiralty Bill should not prove sufficient to fill up the ranks of the proposed reserve, there will be no choice but to raise the terms, perhaps to a higher point than would have been necessary in a first offer. If any one were in a position to gauge the feelings of mercantile seamen, Captain BROWN, the Registrar-General, and the shipping masters in the great ports ought to be able to do so; and they have declared with the greatest confidence their conviction that an annuity of 5*l.* a year and a pension in prospect will make admission to the reserve an object of ambition to the very best of the seafaring population. A very short time will probably suffice to test the correctness of these expectations; and, before Parliament meets again, we shall know whether the indispensable naval reserve has been secured, or whether enhanced offers—combined, perhaps, with new regulations—may not be necessary to secure the requisite number of men. Among the schemes that have been suggested as preferable to the retaining fee which the Commission recommended, is a very plausible one, proposed by the *Times*, which would add to the attractions of the navy by creating a highly paid reserve, to be filled up with picked men from among those who have already served in the fleet. The advantage of this plan would be that every member of the reserve force would be a highly-trained seaman gunner; while, on the Admiralty scheme, the Queen's men would differ from average merchant sailors only by the slight experience which they would gain in a few weeks' occasional practice. But it is at least doubtful whether any prospective advantages, to be enjoyed only after years of actual service, would greatly increase the readiness of sailors to enter the navy. Precisely such an inducement does exist in the Coast Guard force, which is filled up from the ranks of the navy, but we question whether a single additional recruit has ever been obtained for the navy in consequence of the chance of settling down at last in this comfortable and well-paid service.

A reserve formed exclusively from the navy would probably leave gaps which it would be very difficult to fill up without a considerable increase in the scale of pay. The only alternative is to engage the services of merchant sailors, and to give them so much preliminary training as will make them tolerably efficient whenever they may be called upon to join the fleet. This is the principle of the Government Bill; and though it is confessedly introduced as an experiment, the only uncertainty is whether the amount of retaining-pay will be sufficient to secure volunteers in adequate numbers who will not shrink from their

obligations when an emergency may arise. Unfortunately, there will be no possibility of testing the fidelity of the men until a time shall come when their default would expose the country to imminent hazard; and it would seem to be good policy to diminish as much as possible the contrast between the positions which most of them will have to leave and those which they will occupy when summoned into active service. The pay offered during the first three years of actual service is on the non-continuous scale, which is at least 10*l.* or 15*l.* a-year below the wages in first-class merchantmen. The 5*l.* annuity will moreover, as we understand, be suspended during the period of service; so that every man who proves faithful to his engagement, will join his ship with the consciousness that he is giving up 15*l.* or 20*l.* a-year for the luxury of keeping his word and the privilege of fighting his country's battles. This is putting a severer strain upon a man's conscience than seems altogether safe or desirable; and it may hereafter be found that the availability of the reserve will depend in great measure on the promulgation of an improved war-pay whenever such emergencies may occur as will render it necessary to fall back upon our last resources.

Experience alone will show whether sailors will be won by the offers of the Admiralty. If the project should succeed, it is well; but if not, it would be false economy to spare any expense which may be necessary to provide a permanent reserve. Without it, we are liable at any moment to be over-matched by Powers which, in the elements of naval strength, are vastly inferior to ourselves. With it, we should be not only unequalled, as we are now, in our power of sustaining the drain of a prolonged contest, but should be, what we are not now, proof against the most unexpected and insidious attacks.

GERMANY AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AUSTRIA and Prussia quarrelling and on the point of rupture—the smaller States of Germany turning their thoughts to Paris—their representatives “rubbing their ‘noses on the Imperial threshold, and applying, in very loud ‘whispers, for freedom’—the police in Darmstadt removing all works offensive to France from the shop-windows—Wurtemburg repealing the prohibition to export horses without consulting the other States of the Zollverein—the King of BAVARIA, lately so chivalrous and defiant, apologizing for the passage of troops through his territory on the plea that he did not know where they were going! Are we in 1859 or in 1804? Is this the second French Empire or the first? Have Austerlitz and Jena been, or are they still to be? The theory that historical characters and events come round in cycles has long been exploded. But it remains true that human folly, jealousy, selfishness, cowardice, if a thousand times placed under the same circumstances, will a thousand times produce the same results. A thousand times disunion between the leaders will reproduce confusion, panic, a *sauve qui peut* among the followers. A thousand times separate interests will be fatal to the common cause. A thousand times the dastardly cringing of the victim will tempt instead of averting the blow of the oppressor. A thousand times division among the States of Germany will provoke and pave the way for the invasion—perhaps the conquest—of Germany by France.

But, happily for Germany and for the world, one main circumstance is changed since Jena. The War of Liberation has left its effects in a unity of national sentiment among all Germans, and a common hatred of France, which traverses all the artificial divisions of the petty States, and which the approach of French aggression would call forth in all its power. Austria and Prussia may be divided, but the heart of Germany is one. The petty Powers of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Darmstadt may be as cowardly, as selfish, as abject, as unworthy of the German name as their predecessors at the beginning of the century. But their cowardice, their selfishness, their abject fawning on France, is not that of the people who are disgraced and weakened by their Lilliputian sway. “There ‘are not wanting,” says the *Times’s Correspondent*, “those who ‘remember the Confederation of the Rhine, and think its ‘renewal not impossible. If it depended only on the ‘Princes, it might perhaps come to pass, but the people now ‘have a powerful voice in such questions, and they become ‘more anti-French as they perceive France to be more ‘successful.” There lies the real security of Europe against a repetition of that successful brigandage of the first NAPOLEON which still, unhappily, is the highest ideal of

national greatness that French nature is able to conceive. The first NAPOLEON gained his victories over kings. The second NAPOLEON will have to contend against nations. The soldiers of the War of Liberation, instead of the spiritless automatons of old Prussia, would meet him directly he crossed his frontier. If the German Kings would not lead the German people to defend their independence, the German people would find leaders for themselves, and the national peril would accomplish that which was in vain attempted by the Revolutionists of 1848. The first NAPOLEON effectually dispelled illusions which the *Moniteur* will find it difficult, with all its eloquence, to restore. France has been seen, once for all, in her true colours, regardless of her own honour and freedom, provided she can trample on the honour and extinguish the freedom of other nations. The insolent sneers of her historians and her popular writers may have been pleasant to her own vanity, but they have not been without their effect in awakening the vigilance and the patriotism of her former victims. The value of the “emancipation” which she promises, and of the “rights of man” which she propagates, is known. No revolutionary Tarpeia will again open to the AUGEREUS and DAVOURTS the citadel of European civilization, and again receive the reward of a traitress for her pains. France has been successful against Austria, because the Austrian was fighting, not for a real part of his own dominions or on his own soil, but for a discontented dependency, and on soil friendly to the invader. She might in the same way be successful in Venetia. She might in the same way be successful in Poland. She might be successful in Ireland also, if Ireland were now as it was when HOCHÉ appeared with his revolutionary armament in Bantry Bay. These are the loose joints in the moral armour of her neighbours, which the French Empire, the type of all immorality itself, has the cunning to perceive and pierce. Against a united nation it never prevailed, and will never prevail. England vanquished it. Russia repulsed it. Tyrol defeated it. Even Spain never succumbed to it. Austria, with her colossal armaments, falls in the struggle, because she was fighting not for, but against, the sacred principle of national independence—though, in another sense, as the victim of French conspiracy, she deserved and had, as against the French Empire, the sympathy of the world. She fell before the cause of Italy, not before the cause or the sword of France. But Belgium, though it also was once marked out by the spoiler as a prey, has stood, and will stand, safe in the moral strength of its nationality, and in the undivided sympathy of all free nations.

Yet it is vain to say that Germany is not in danger. The French EMPEROR has achieved that which, if he meditates aggression, must be his first object. His unscrupulous and lying diplomacy has succeeded in putting deep division between Austria and Prussia; and a want of concert between these two Powers may lead to disasters and humiliations at the outset which it would require the utmost efforts of the nation to retrieve. It is melancholy to see the cause of Germany and Europe imperilled by these ridiculous susceptibilities. No men but touchy diplomatists could fail, with a great danger impending over both parties, to sweep away the misunderstanding with a few frank and manly words. It was morally impossible that Prussia—herself a Liberal State—should support Austria in maintaining Absolutism and Ultramontanism in Italy. Her refusal to do so by no means implies the slightest unwillingness to assist the same Power, as a member of the German Confederation, in maintaining any right of which the Confederation can properly take cognizance. The French EMPEROR himself declares, when speaking to the French people, that it was the threatened interposition of the neutral Powers—that is, of course, principally of Prussia—which checked him in his career of conquest, and forced him to cut off Venetia from his programme. What stronger proofs can Austria desire that Prussia is more her friend than France? The position of the Austrian Empire in the German Confederation, being, as she is, principally non-German, is very anomalous and often very embarrassing; and if Austrian statesmen have any sense, they will make allowance for this fact, and not permit its necessary consequences to interfere with a union which, from the nature of the case, is limited, but which is essential to the interest of all parties, and fundamentally sincere. Austria cannot expect the pure German States to take under their protection her non-German provinces, unless she will allow the Federation to interfere in the management of those provinces and in the diplomatic questions which arise out of their tenure. On

the other hand, Prussia—as she will unquestionably be pronounced, by the opinion of Europe and by history, to have pursued the only wise course in the late dispute by arming Germany without taking part against Italy—may well afford to soothe to the utmost the wounded pride of her partner, and to let the interest of Germany take precedence of any diplomatic susceptibilities of her own. Why cannot the REGENT thrust aside all the buckram which diplomacy interposes between two Governments desirous of coming to an understanding, visit the EMPEROR in person, and hear and reply to his complaints face to face? The chances are, that in a couple of hours of frank conversation much would be explained and much forgiven. It is possible, too, that from such personal communication a plan might arise for a more complete union of the members of the German Confederation than at present exists. The question of the Presidency of the Confederation is one about which diplomats may correspond for ever without any effect but that of increasing the difficulty. But a few frank words of man to man, such as smooth difficulties and allay irritations between those who have common interests and common dangers in private life, and French diplomacy may find its work undone, the division healed, and Germany saved.

LABOUR v. CAPITAL.

IF strikes have become more systematic and formidable than they were when the associations of workmen were in their infancy, they have to some extent lost the features of violence which once provoked and justified the interference of the law. In old times one of the customary modes of carrying on the war was by assaulting and maltreating every operative who was considered a traitor to his order. The men have now learned a more crafty game. They have found out that moral compulsion is quite as effectual in keeping up discipline as physical force, and by avoiding all acts of overt violence they keep themselves safe from the law which permits combination when actual coercion cannot be proved. But, in one point of view, it may almost be said that what the public peace gains by the improved methods of organizing and conducting peaceable strikes, society loses. That vast bodies of men should be willing, at the command of their often self-elected leaders, to forego their accustomed earnings, and live upon a wretched pittance drawn from their own scanty savings and the subscriptions of their fellows, without ever yielding to the temptation to assert their supposed rights by so much as a threat of violence, shows a power of organization and self-control which, in a more rational cause, would command universal respect. This quiet determined way of making war is a comparatively modern invention, and one which, by increasing the apparent power of the operatives, will but hasten the ruin which they are bringing on themselves. Experience has shown that the severe competition among the employers of labour is almost always sufficient to preclude the combined action which the men affect to fear. But the more perfect the organization of the one side becomes, the more powerful is the inducement to union on the other. The very perfection to which the men have carried the principle of association can scarcely fail at last to destroy it altogether. At each new strike a step is made towards a condition of society in which the two entire classes of masters and men will stand face to face, no longer as groups of individuals each with his separate interest, but like two armies, wielded by the single will of their respective chiefs. The unanimity of the master builders has effected a nearer approach to this perfect organization than any previous strike has produced; and, much as the operatives may pride themselves on the unity of their action, they will find that, by driving competition out of the field, they are sacrificing the only principle by which they can permanently secure their independence. If there were but one capitalist and one united body of labourers in the market, the men would be the absolute slaves of their employer. As the nation with the longest purse is certain of victory in a protracted war, so it would be in a quarrel between such an employer and his men. He would know that he could, at some loss short of ruin, reduce his refractory workmen to submission. They would be starved before he would be seriously hurt. Every improvement in the art of combination brings matters nearer and nearer to this pass, and prepares the way for a system under which the operatives will lose the real strength which they gain from an open market. The partial success which attends perhaps one strike in a hundred has been in great part due to the absence

of effective counter combination among employers. But the masters are fast learning the tactics of the men, and if they cultivate the art of social war as diligently as they now seem likely to do, the demand for legislation to preserve the freedom of the market may come some day from the other side.

The Master Builders' Association, to do them justice, have perceived the impossibility of any Government interference in their favour, and the object of their deputation to the HOME SECRETARY was apparently to vindicate their measures in the eyes of the public, rather than to obtain the bootless discussion in the House of Commons which they professed to desire. They urged one excuse for the least defensible part of their tactics, the validity of which is at least questionable. It was represented, perhaps correctly, that the non-society men subscribe to the support of the men on strike; and on this plea it was attempted to justify the sweeping policy of shutting out every artisan until a sufficient number should be found to declare open war against their fellows by offering their services to the proscribed firm. This is simply the policy of declaring war against every neutral who may be suspected of a contraband traffic with an enemy. We doubt the prudence of turning even doubtful neutrals into open foes, and we can see no excuse for the inhumanity of depriving an unoffending man of bread lest he should spare a few crumbs for his rebellious comrades. If the master builders really desire the sympathies of the public, they should set themselves to find some creditable way of retreat from this false position. The tactics which they profess to follow are at best but a pretence, for if Messrs. TROLLOPE had their full complement of men to-morrow, the workmen whom the masters would be willing to admit would be as likely as before to contribute to the subsistence fund of the Trade Society. If the pressure which is put upon the independent operatives were really designed to deprive the Society of their contributions, there would be the same reason for continuing it until all had been brought to terms. But the real motive is to obtain a triumph on the first battle-field by compelling the neutral workmen to fight against their own class. The attempt is hardly fair upon men who have taken no part in the movement, and we doubt much whether it will tend to strengthen the Association. The Masters' Committee ought to understand the policy which is best for themselves, but if they are as anxious for the good will of the public as they profess to be, they should keep their hands clean from anything that savours of oppression, and confine themselves to *bond fide* measures of defence.

More than one compromise has already been suggested, but the struggle has, we fear, assumed a character which leaves little room for early reconciliation. It is no longer a question of an hour more or less in the length of the working day, or a few shillings added to the week's wages. The employers declare that nothing will content them short of the defeat and humiliation of the Trade Societies. That these unions are destructive of the interests of the men no less than of the masters, we have not a shadow of doubt; but they are not the growth of a day, and will not yield without a stubborn resistance. Throughout the country the working classes have been learning for years to trust more and more to the joint action which, so long as employers could be intimidated in detail, gave an almost irresistible force to the demands of workmen. They have their victories, such as they are, to boast of. They have succeeded in bringing the wages of the best artificers down to the level of the worst, and the present movement would tend still further to neutralize the advantages of industry and skill. At present, every man is required to work at the same wages, and all that the best men gain by their skill is the certainty of getting the earliest chance of work. The policy of the Society is to take away this last advantage. The hours of labour are to be shortened in order that the work may be distributed among the competent and the incompetent in something like equal proportions. It is true that the maintenance of the old rate of wages is insisted on; but experience might have taught even the agitators of the Trade Societies that neither combination nor any other device can permanently keep wages above the market rate. If work becomes more costly, less of it will be done; and so far from remedying the alleged grievance of having a third of their numbers unemployed, the workmen, if they succeeded in their present contest, would probably find as the only result that the reduction of the working day without a corresponding abatement of wages, would be followed by an

equivalent contraction of the works undertaken, and would leave those who are now unemployed still without occupation.

Every victory which has hitherto been won has been as fruitless as this would be. A man is forbidden to work his best, and the might of the Societies is shown by a thousand petty regulations to prevent an active artisan from doing more or better work than the average of his fellow-workmen. Masters are forbidden to employ foremen who have not qualified themselves by enrolment in a Trade Society, and the smallest details of business are regulated by the decrees of irresponsible committees. Petty dictation of this kind can only be injurious to all classes of producers and to the public at large. But, barren as such victories are, repeated triumphs of this kind have given a prestige to the Trade Societies which may perhaps make a life-and-death struggle between labour and capital more obstinate than any which has yet been witnessed. Hitherto, strikes have commonly been for an advance of wages, and their success or failure has depended almost exclusively on the actual state of the market. If the previous rates were below what perfectly free competition would have secured, the strike has generally succeeded in redressing an injustice which would soon have righted itself. But where the demand has not been justified by the state of trade, no strike has ever extorted an advance, for the simple reason that it would not pay to grant it. Such contests, therefore, generally come to a speedy conclusion; but the wages question is only a secondary element of the present movement, and a sterner quarrel may have to be fought out than seems at first sight to be involved in the demand of an hour's pay for an hour's idleness. The great battle for supremacy between employers and Trades Unions may possibly be staved off by some arrangement till a more convenient season, but it must come sooner or later; and if it ends—as it can scarcely fail to do—in the discomfiture of the Unionists and the re-establishment of open bargains in the labour market, it will free industrious workmen from a thralldom from which they suffer far more than the employers against whom the machinery of combination is directed.

ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.

IT is no discredit to Prussia that the course she took with regard to the late war displeased both the belligerents. The Austrian papers have occupied themselves since the restoration of peace with a series of denunciations of Prussia, increasing in intensity as it has become safer to denounce a Power no longer needed as an ally. At last a semi-official journal has reached the climax of invective by informing the world that the troops nominally intended to menace France were really designed to suppress the independence of the minor States of Germany. As it will be impossible to surpass the virulence of this accusation, we may hope that the bitterness of the Austrian press, having attained its greatest height, will now begin to decline. France, on the other hand, complains that Prussia virtually sacrificed Italian independence to German prejudices. But all impartial judges of European affairs are of opinion that Prussia acted honourably, discreetly, and, in the main, successfully. We may say, in fact, that she took exactly the line which England took, if we do but make the necessary allowances for her geographical situation. Like England, she held Austria to be, on grounds of international law, perfectly in the right; and she even exceeded England in the clearness with which she saw the danger to Europe arising from the aggressive restlessness of the Emperor of the FRENCH. But it was as impossible for a Prussian as for an English Government to ignore altogether the claims of Italy. The sneers with which Mr. DISRAELI has received the indisputable proofs of moderation and genuine love of liberty displayed by the Italian Constitutionalists may perhaps be taken as indicating the strength of sympathy for Austria which animated the DERBY Cabinet. And yet Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues were obliged, in shaping their foreign policy, to take into account the fact that the position of the Italians awoke in England generally a very different feeling from that which found a vent in a paltry joke on the absence of anything like a Whig Club in Tuscany or Modena. The simple reply to all the attacks of the Austrian press is that Prussia, like England, is a free country, and that in neither country would public opinion tolerate any sanction being given to the system of Austrian despotism. Both nations,

however, felt that the time might soon come when, in the larger excitement of a general war, the Italian question would be for the moment entirely absorbed, and that it might be necessary to protest by force of arms against that species of arrogant dictation which is clouded under the dignified name of the "moral influence of France." The only difference between the two countries was, that Prussia felt her turn would most probably come first.

As Prussia occupied almost exactly the same position as England in the late critical juncture of affairs, as she acted exactly as England acted, as she furthered the purpose which England had at heart, as she always showed the greatest willingness to confer with England on every step she took, it might have been supposed that she would meet with a hearty recognition of the wisdom of her policy from English statesmen. But both Tories and Whigs have treated her in a very scurvy fashion. It was only as an after-thought that Lord DERBY even gave any credit whatever to Prussia. In the important debate in the last Parliament, when the leaders of all parties expressed their opinions on foreign affairs, not a single speaker even mentioned Prussia, and the attention of Lord DERBY had to be called to the omission before he recollects that some occasion must be taken to acknowledge that from one of the great Powers England was continually receiving the most zealous co-operation. Directly Lord JOHN RUSSELL came into office he began to take Prussia in hand, and he administered to her one of those irritating despatches with which English statesmen are in the habit of favouring allies on whose fidelity they can reckon, and whose enmity they cannot fear. She was told what she might do and what she might not, and what would happen if she did what she ought not to do. The despatch read exactly like the letter of an affectionate schoolmaster to his pupil on entering college. The great and wise Constitutionalit thought it his duty to give good advice to his scholars and imitators under trying circumstances. It seems to be considered, especially by the administrators of the traditional Whig policy, that every nation which adopts constitutional government is bound to sit at the feet of England and hear the immortal truths which the greatest of constitutional States has to impart. It is not to be wondered at if Prussians in some degree resent this. Prussia is accepted as one of the great European Powers, and cannot endure patiently that another of those Powers should read her humiliating lectures, simply because her tutor has had free institutions longer than herself. What should we think if she were to read us one of these lectures, and inform us that she viewed with apprehension our gross neglect of our Channel fleet and our home defences? We should tell her in polite language to hold her tongue, and not be impertinent. Prussia adopts a milder tone, because she feels, as we ought to feel, that almost anything is to be endured rather than foster a coldness between two countries which ought to be bound together by a most intimate alliance. But nothing can be more unworthy of England or more shortsighted than that we should assume an attitude of insulting superiority towards Prussia because she is anxious to make herself as free as we are.

It is scarcely too much to say that, at the present moment, the chief test of statesmanship with reference to foreign affairs is the power of an English Minister to see the position in which England ought to stand both towards France and towards Northern Germany. A mere advocacy of German interests as opposed to France, a jealousy of France as apart from a distrust of the French Empire, a refusal to recognise the number of points on which it is for the interest of mankind that France and England should cordially agree, are doubtless marks of a second-rate and narrow mode of viewing foreign affairs. But so also is anything like an indifference to the ties which unite Prussia with England. Prussia is a free nation, with an army that, if it were better organized, would be an army of the first class; England is a free country, and, except at moments of exceptional negligence, has an invincible navy. Each has what the other wants, and wants what the other has. Nor does any English statesman really forget this. We count upon Prussia, if Imperialism makes another raid on European freedom. We are all well aware what an advantage it is to us that we can virtually place two hundred thousand men on the eastern flank of France. But we treat Prussia with foolish arrogance because we are so sure of her support. The consequence is, that the Liberal party in Prussia, which is now happily in the ascendant, and on the ascendancy of which the alliance with England entirely depends, has very hard work to justify

its cordial relations with successive English Cabinets. Russia was much wiser in her day. When Prussia was her ally, she made the most of a Power that supported her. She was lavish in distributing crosses and honours; she conferred on those Prussians who were most devoted to her every mark of honour and esteem. But we are always snubbing our German adherents. We treat them in the face of Europe as our inferiors—we quench their enthusiasm by the endless vacillations of our policy. Nothing can be more unwise. Even the Queen of SPAIN—whom, so to say, we had invented—at last turned against our eternal dictation, and Sir HENRY BULWER had to leave Madrid because he had been the instrument of bringing home to her, in a form more than usually offensive, the great doctrine that a constitutional government is, by the very conditions of its existence, the humble servant of England. It will be long before Prussia turns against us, if her present progress towards freedom is not checked, because she is in the hands of men noble enough to overlook small grievances in the pursuit of a great end. But we may go one step too far, and even if we do not alienate her, we are sure to suffer in one way or other for taking up a position to which we are so little entitled. Great political blunders always avenge themselves, and we may rely on it that we shall some day rue our perversity if we insist on never treating a constitutional country as we should wish ourselves to be treated.

Probably not a little of the superciliousness with which Prussia and other constitutional countries are treated by England proceeds, as we have said, from a narrow contempt for every type of freedom which has not taken exactly the same cast as the freedom of England. The profound ignorance of their own history which marks ordinary Englishmen screens from them the fact that many of the symptoms of constitutional liberty which seem to them inherent in its nature are of very recent growth among us. Prussia has much to go through before she gets rid of the incumbrances that still hang on her, but she is at this moment quite as free a country as Scotland was before the Reform Bill. And the Germans, who have at least the merit of studying well whatever they wish to know, are excellently versed in the theory of constitutional law. They have pondered the history of England sufficiently to understand in what direction they ought to work. There is no object, for instance, which the Liberal party in Prussia has more nearly at heart than to establish the doctrine so fruitful of results in England and so opposed to the spirit of continental bureaucracy, that an official exceeding his jurisdiction is liable to a civil action. It was the absence of any such safeguard for the private citizen which made a free government so hard to work in France; and the Prussians, by directing their earnest efforts to establish it for themselves, show that they appreciate the true character of the work that lies before them. Hitherto they have not won much fame by their public speeches and writings, nor have they exhibited anything like the force and brilliancy which made constitutional government in France illustrious immediately it was established. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that the oratory of their Chambers answers to the popular notion of everything German which prevails in England. It is not pedantic, nor dull, nor theoretical. The Prussians, like the Italians, show that in a very short time they can get to the point of what would be accepted in the House of Commons as good, sensible, pleasant debating; and there is at least one speaker in the Berlin Assembly who goes much beyond this, and would hold his place in a comparison with the leaders of the English Parliament. The journals of Prussia are certainly stupid. With one or two exceptions, they do not seem to have that turn for newspaper writing which has been acquired in England and seemed caught by instinct in France. But Prussia is in every sense a growing country. It must inevitably become the head of Northern Germany—it has great bases of strength—it is rapidly growing in wealth—it is full of intellect which will gain European fame, if directed into those channels in which European fame can be attained. If the Empire were to continue for a quarter of a century longer in France, deadening the power, trampling out the thought, and sensualizing the character of Frenchmen, and if Prussia during that time were free, and did justice to herself, the centre of the intellectual life of the Continent would cease to be found at Paris, and would be found at Berlin. To those who know Prussia, it seems as absurd as it is ungenerous when an English minister treats the Prussian Cabinet as if it was a parcel of naughty schoolboys.

M. MAZZINI ON ENGLAND'S ISOLATION.

THE clouds that gathered some months ago over Italy are not dispersed. Foul weather hangs in the horizon, and the brief thunder-storm of the late war has not cleared the air. At the close of a dark and dreary day we see only symptoms of a dreary morrow. The glass falls—JOSEPH MAZZINI's ill-omened note is heard—and the stormy petrel of revolution is seen brooding on the waves. The re-appearance of the Red Republican leader is no hopeful sign. During the late conflict the attitude of the Italians of Central Italy was dignified and honourable. From children they seemed suddenly to have become as full-grown men. Grave, self-contained, and patient, they accomplished changes without bloodshed, and robed revolution of its terrors. A capacity for reorganization and self-government has not been the least of the qualities they have displayed, and encourages us to hope that Italy has yet a history before her. How is it, men have asked themselves, that those who so recently were unstable as water, are now strong and manly? The answer is, that in this last crisis JOSEPH MAZZINI and his party had no hand. Italy has been herself, and the mad party of anarchy has held aloof. But the shameful conditions of the peace of Villafranca, and the reactionary policy of NAPOLEON III., has strengthened their hands. The Emperor of the FRENCH has alienated the moderate, and fixed the expectation of the disorderly. Stories day by day reach us from the Duchies of a brewing tempest; the peaceful and the sober are slinking off; masked figures, dagger in hand, begin to flit in the twilight across the stage—already Parma is reported to be in flames—and M. MAZZINI issues a manifesto in the *Times*.

The man who has done more than any other to tarnish the character and to retard the success of Italian freedom has no right to expect much favour at English hands. The blood of Italian citizens, and what is more, the ruin of Italian souls, is on M. MAZZINI's head. He has been no true counsellor to Italy in the day when she needed a wise voice to animate her. If it be true that owing to his intrigues this very hour the Red Republic triumphs in Parma, then once more he has ruined the cause of liberty and civilization in Italy. Yet while we condemn him, we neither accuse him of insincerity nor want of genius. He has this week addressed Englishmen on the position of England, and though it is impossible to listen to him with pleasure or confidence, his words deserve attention. The estimate which M. MAZZINI forms of the honesty and good faith of the French Emperor is true enough. He forgets to tell us whose principles they are that by a sad reaction lead inevitably to such despotism as reigns in Paris. From Red Republicanism to tyranny, from JOSEPH MAZZINI to NAPOLEON III., is a short and certain step. The anarchist hates the despot as a father hates an ungrateful child whom he has begotten. Dark and forbidding as Imperialism looks to English eyes, it naturally wears still more sombre colours in the eyes of the Carbonari. M. MAZZINI warns us of a mysterious coalition concerted between Austria, France, and Russia, for the partition of Europe and the humiliation of England. He reproaches us with a weak acquiescence in the revival of Napoleonism, with supineness in not counterplotting betimes against the Imperial conspirators, with shortsightedness in that we have allowed ourselves to become isolated in Europe. Few men living probably know the precise intentions of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and M. MAZZINI is not likely to be one. That an intimate understanding has for the last two years existed between the Courts of St. Petersburg and the Tuilleries is certain; but it is questionable whether the events of the last month have done much to strengthen it. Nor have Russian interests in the East been usually considered synonymous with those of Austria. Tidings of any formal agreement between the three absolute Governments of the Continent must be corroborated by better authority than that of M. MAZZINI before they can be received. The Emperor of the FRENCH is dark, dishonest, and designing. Step by step he has broken up the confederated hostility of Continental Europe towards himself. As yet, his genius has been shown in dissolving rather than creating coalitions. He came to the throne firmly impressed by his uncle's fate, and resolved not to repeat his uncle's follies. He brought with him vague sympathy in favour of nationalities which he may or may not retain. He brought with him, too, a deep-seated horror of European conflagration. He has lately made a sudden peace to avoid a general war. That he has now turned round and sketched out for himself a career of terrible conflict which must wrap Europe in flames, is possible, but is far from

proved. It is true that the traditions and the characteristics of the Empire necessitate war. But France requires rather short, intermittent, and successful wars, than a state of doubtful and harassing contest. England has much to fear. She has not to fear that NAPOLEON III. will commit himself to a crusade of thrones against peoples. He is not madman enough to compass his own ruin.

M. MAZZINI is by no means happy when he treats of England's past conduct and present position. It is as untrue that the English nation has fawned through cowardice on the Imperial *régime* in France, as it is true that English statesmen have sometimes been false to England and to themselves. With some miserable exceptions, neither our press nor our people have bowed the knee to BAAL. Our sympathies have been with the deceived and oppressed, not with the deceiver and oppressor. Two years have not passed since a Ministry was summarily ejected from office for having dared to slur over a transaction which touched our national honour. If English gentlemen have partaken of the hospitalities of Compiègne, it has been amidst the loud murmurs of their countrymen. Nor has M. MAZZINI a right to assume that England has adopted a permanent attitude of absolute and unconditional neutrality towards the rest of Europe. Who, except some mad peace-agitator, has ever said that, come what may upon the Continent, our hands are tied, and we shall not lift them? Such a declaration would, indeed, be an abnegation of our functions as a great people. England stood aloof in the recent Italian conflict. That she did so was, under the circumstances, a wise departure from her common practice. M. MAZZINI's mistake is founded upon a misconception of the way in which the Executive is worked in a free country. He is as incapable of understanding our Constitution as of appreciating our self-restraint. We are a practical, a working, a businesslike people. We have a deeper sense than M. MAZZINI and his brother-enthusiasts of the value and dignity of human life. We are not ashamed to own the wickedness of unnecessary war. When we consent to spend the rich treasure of English blood, it must be for no mere idea, or epigram, or theory of nationalities, but either for the cause of unquestionable right and honour, or else for English hearths and homes. We are not a nation that arms its diplomatic agents with the sword, and is prepared to fight for all their fancies. Diplomacy, like war, is the recreation of Kings and Emperors. We know nothing of its intricacies, and care but little for its calculations. When we leave the path of peace, it will be because an irresistible conviction flashes from one end of England to the other that the hour has arrived when we can remain at peace no longer. The Executive which outruns or lags behind that national impulse will fall then and there, and its place will know it no more. Cabinets, and ambassadors, and envoys are the mere hands of the clock—they are only important when they tell the time. In the late wretched strife, our conscience kept us impartial spectators. That strife, had it been prolonged, might well have assumed a character which would have caused England's voice to be heard, and her arm felt. As it was, we neither loved Austrian tyranny enough nor French aggression enough to waste our blood for either. We thought that two despots had better fight it out alone. Was M. MAZZINI himself, the inveigher against neutrality, among the combatants? Most assuredly not. He, accordingly, should be capable of perceiving that there are quarrels of which wise men disapprove, and in which they will not play a part.

Yes! England from one point of view is isolated, but not more than, from the same point of view, her character and genius will always isolate her. We do not enter into dynastic alliances, because we do not intend to fight dynastic wars. Foreign alliances are not powerful enough to chain us to one position, when that position becomes weak, or criminal, or ruinous. The very facility with which foreign Governments will fling peace to the winds renders any English intimacy with foreign Courts precarious. We cannot form wild leagues, as M. MAZZINI would have us, to do battle on some vague hypothesis that Imperialism is banded in Europe to work us harm; but assuredly we shall not neglect—when danger is abroad, and when crowned conspirators are manifestly harbouring designs adverse to the rights of nations and to the peace of the world—to strengthen ourselves by natural alliances with countries whose interests, like our own, are identified with the maintenance of public law and right. England is not isolated, and never will be isolated, from the

rest of Europe, as long as she is the centre of liberty, commerce, and peaceful civilization. A nation does not descend from its pedestal in history because, conscious of integrity, and profoundly sensible of the responsibility of shedding blood, it hesitates until it is attacked or menaced. The aggressor may, if it pleases him, choose his own time and his own ground—we cannot help it. But if our public men are good men and true, we shall be forearmed, even if not forewarned. When the critical day comes, and a marauder threatens to trouble the quiet of a free and civilized people, that people will strike, and strike none the less hard, because the aggression has been unprovoked. Nay more—when the day comes that, by interfering in the deliberations of Europe, we can hope to secure some real advantage for Italy and her populations, England, armed and determined, though still peaceful and conciliating, will not absent herself—will not hesitate to take part in the settlement of the Continent—will not hesitate to speak out.

MR. BRIGHT AND HIS BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

PATRIOTS, like their fellow-men, are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. A cloud has descended on the House of BRIGHT, and dimmed its glory. The tale is a sad one, albeit an instructive. Here was one who was the great Apostle of Reform. Autumn after autumn he was wont to raise the fiery cross, and to rouse the clans, and to thunder a terrible crusade against iniquity throughout the land. This was a wicked world, he said, excepting always that happy part of it where dwelt the BRIGHTS. Country gentlemen were corrupt, the aristocracy was insolent, journalists were venal. As for the Peers, he loved nothing better than tumbling them, especially the spiritual ones, in the dust. He tilted at the Press and left that abandoned institution prostrate in the mud. But Purity of Election was his favourite battle-cry. The sword of the Lord and the ballot-box! No tampering with independent voters! Electioneering noblemen trembled; domineering landlords were conscience-stricken, and shuddered at the thought of an approaching epoch when Birmingham and Principle should have it all their own way; men bowed their faces, and cried with one accord—"Behold! JOHN BRIGHT is honest and upright, and he is terrible in his wrath."

When an Apostle requires buffeting, he is given a thorn in the flesh. Those who require an especial amount of buffeting are afflicted with two. Humiliation came to Mr. BRIGHT in the domestic guise of his brothers-in-law. How often has a "brother near the throne," by ill-conduct brought discredit on the reigning Sovereign! It is a significant and pleasing fiction of the Spanish constitution, that the Queen of Spain has no legs. An over-mundane walk, a human personality, too much intercourse with the world, ties of friendship and kinship bring Royalty into difficulties. Just so, great public characters should keep clear of the various trammels of social and domestic life. If BRUTUS never had possessed sons, his theories would not have been set at nought in his own home. Why did Mr. BRIGHT have brothers-in-law? It was very unwise of such a man to commit himself to relatives at all. He should have retired, like a true prophet, into the wilderness, apart from men, and there remained with a leathern girdle about his loins, fierce, solitary, and uncompromising, feeding only on the largest locusts and the very wildest honey.

This is the way in which the house of BRIGHT was buffeted for its pride. In an hour when some malicious electoral influence ruled the planets, and the star of BRIGHT was not in the ascendant, the citizens of Wakefield and Huddersfield cast their eyes about for representative men to swell the following of the great Apostle, and to strengthen the cause of Liberalism in the Commons. With all his popular prestige Mr. BRIGHT leads but a lonely life in that aristocratic place. It is indeed a sad thing, as it has been well said, to be the only believer. To continue properly his mission, Mr. BRIGHT must have his friends about him. And what firmer friends than a man's own kinsmen? Where should unwavering fidelity and uncompromising purity be found if not in the family of JOHN BRIGHT? So thought Wakefield and Huddersfield, each anxious to be a humble instrument in the exaltation of that illustrious race. As they had proposed so it was arranged. Mr. BRIGHT's brothers-in-law, like the brethren of NAPOLEON, had greatness thrust upon them, and with much the same result. Huddersfield and Wakefield obtained the privilege of raising Mr. E. LEATHAM and Mr. W. W. LEATHAM to honour, and of delegating

an Aaron and a Hur to uphold the hands of the great legislator in his conflicts with the Amalekites.

Why should malicious Fortune select the purest and loftiest for her lash? Parliament has met, Election Committees have sat, and sad things have happened. The enemy has been too strong for the Prophet and his supporters. They have turned his batteries in the most unfair way against himself, and played on him with his own artillery. This is indeed audacity, and it is most irregular. They insist on strictly scrutinizing all the details of the election of the two pure brethren. What! Shall not the race of BRIGHT pass unarrested? Are the pockets of people connected by marriage and religion with the apostle of no-bribery to be felt? A *douanier* might as well insist upon searching the POPE's person for smuggled Bibles as an Election Committee question the strict integrity of a pure LEATHAM. Why, ye simple inquisitors, it was to defend our English constituencies from the poisonous influence of corruption that these two virtuous gentlemen were sent to Parliament. It is not their side, it is the other side that is corrupt. Fair play is fair play, and those who have said Shibboleth ought, in common justice, not to be detained. Would ye seethe a kid in its mother's milk, and unseat the kinsmen of a BRIGHT for bribery? CESAR's wife and Mr. BRIGHT's marriage connexions are above suspicion. Strange and needless as it may seem, a Committee nevertheless met, heard evidence, and has finally adjudicated on the Wakefield and Huddersfield elections.

Upon perusing the reports of the two cases, an obvious thought will occur to most minds. What an expensive principle Purity of Election must be when you take it with you to the hustings! Who would suppose 1100*l.* had been necessary to persuade the pure electors of Wakefield to vote for the pure candidate? Individual purity in that enlightened town apparently cost from 10*l.* to 30*l.*—little or no reduction being made on the strength of a connexion with Mr. BRIGHT. Beer, too, seems in a wonderful way to have been mixed up with Purity of Election in the heads of the non-electors; and Wakefield for a short time enjoyed a saturnalia of the two combined. While the Parliamentary Committee abstained from asserting that Mr. W. LEATHAM had taken a personal part in the pure proceedings in question, they could not but recognise the fact that bribery had been practised, and the blameless LICINIUS lost his seat in consequence of a violation of his own much-loved sumptuary law. So one of the Apostle's brethren is lost to the House of Commons. Though one is taken, the other, happily, is left. A similar purity of election had prevailed at Huddersfield, but there was no proof that Mr. E. LEATHAM or his agents had been implicated in the matter. Purity had, alas, been bought also at Huddersfield. It is true that at Huddersfield it was not uniformly paid for, and so, perhaps, was less expensive. Its triumph was secured by exchanging pigs at double their value, by barrels of porter, by bank notes, unfortunately only payable at the Bank of Elegance. But, at Huddersfield, pigs, viewed as a marketable commodity, have no doubt been rising. This, of course, explains all. The Committee have cleared the friends and agents of the sitting member from the imputation of illegal zeal in the cause of Purity. LICINIUS the Second is only convicted of having had injudicious adherents. He himself escapes. We sincerely congratulate Mr. BRIGHT that his domestic affliction is not greater. The Society for the Diffusion of JOHN BRIGHTS in Foreign Parts might have been overwhelmed.

Lookers-on grieve that the devoted troop has suffered any loss. Their leader counted them at break of day, and by noon where are they? But Mr. BRIGHT rides on undaunted in his Parliamentary crusade. The Moral Guard may be unseated, but they never surrender. Thinned by the enemy's cross fire, dropping here and there about the field, the little band press on with flying colours. The Apostle of Purity never resigns—never is humiliated. *Menses profundo—purior event.* The following day he appears more radiant, if possible, than ever with purity and intolerance. BRUTUS did not abdicate because his family were beheaded. Next morning finds him with his axes and his lictors hard at work. He executes awful justice on the member for Pontefract, whom he condemns before his crime is known. He is all for stern measures and no compromise of principle. Never was he greater than upon the iniquity of Mr. OVEREND. We are sorry for it. We had hoped that the result of the Wakefield and Huddersfield investigations might have convinced him that his own friends were as vulnerable as other men, and that corruption is not a sin peculiar to one party. That

triumphant air of virtue might have been spared us, after the revelations of what takes place even in emancipated constituencies which return to Parliament members of the family of JOHN BRIGHT.

THE PROFESSION OF AN AGENT.

MARK TAPLEY became famous for revealing to the world the mysteries involved in the profession of a "Co.," and subsequent history has furnished many brilliant specimens of the class in actual life. But a genuine, thorough-going, serviceable agent is a member of society as far surpassing the humble "Co.," as active roguery outvies mere passive, laborious subserviency. All occupations in life have their appropriate agencies. The thimble-rigger and the card-sharper practise by the aid of skilful agents. Swindling bankrupts get their bills accepted by the machinery of paid agency. Whenever there is dirty work to be done, an agent is indispensable, and the acme of professional skill in this useful department of business is to keep the principal clean from the incidental stains with which the agent may be compelled to sully his own hands. Parliament is the quintessence of English society, and Parliamentary agency supplies, as it should do, the most perfect examples of the science. If a borough is hopelessly corrupt, a candidate of purist principles may always secure his return by a judicious choice of agents. If a petition is supported by the most damning evidence, an agent is the man to pull the member through. It is not often that the secret machinery by which these affairs are worked is brought into the full glare of day. Agents seldom blunder, and it is a blunder of the grossest kind to suffer an enemy to dispel the congenial darkness in which the agent works. A Liberal constituency returns, by some occult influence, a Tory member. In nine cases out of ten the mystery is never penetrated, and all the public can learn is that Mr. A. had a very clever agent. No sooner does a new Parliament assemble than petitions accumulate by scores. A few of them may proceed from disappointed candidates prepared to spend their last shilling in vindicating their titles to parliamentary honours. But the great bulk of them are never meant to be seriously fought, and these are due to the genius of contending agents. The power which creates can destroy, and in a few weeks one by one the petitions drop off like rotten fruit. One member applies for the Chiltern Hundreds, another refuses to do so—a Liberal petition here is set off against a Tory petition there—the House of Commons settles down with the conviction that its ranks are thoroughly purged—and no one cares to know more than that the agents have played out the game among themselves, and that Whigs and Tories have scored about an equal number of points as the result of the struggle.

This year, by some mismanagement, some very confidential details have been allowed to appear, and almost for the first time, we get an authentic glimpse into the mysteries of agency. Except that he was perhaps a shade too clever, Mr. ROSE, the agent of the member for Pontefract, seems to be a very perfect specimen of his order. Most people know that Pontefract is one of those snug little boroughs where parties are divided into the Conservative, the Radical, and the malt-liquor interests. Whoever gains the publicans may fairly count on success, whatever be the colours under which he fights. At the last election Mr. OVEREND carried the Tory flag in triumph through the contest—whether by the aid or in spite of the great third party does not yet appear. Mr. CHILDERES, the defeated Liberal, or his agent on his behalf, resolved on the desperate attempt to strike off an adverse majority of ten by a scrutiny before a Parliamentary Committee. The petition was presented, and no one could calculate how many thousands must be spent before the sitting member could be displaced or established in his seat. It was a crisis which demanded all the skill which an agent could bring to bear; but Mr. OVEREND's interests were watched by the astute ROSE, and how could he doubt that by some means or other he would escape the petition and save his seat? The first idea seems to have been to work the old trick of setting off one petition against another. The list of petitions was examined. Kidderminster was suggested as a seat which a Tory lawyer was likely to claim—why should not his petition be waived in consideration of another Tory lawyer being allowed to sit unmolested? It never seems to have occurred to the agents that the supposed petitioner for the Kidderminster seat would have any right to object to an arrangement entered

into between the agents of the two great parties, though Mr. ROSE ingeniously confessed the difficulty which he experienced in his line of business when he had barristers to deal with. However, the plan broke down at an earlier stage, from Mr. CHILDER'S natural objection to withdraw his own claim in order to preserve the rights of the Liberal member for Kidderminster. He wanted a seat, or at least the chance of a seat; and not even the proposal to pay his expenses could move him an inch in his resolve. The stock devices being exhausted, Mr. ROSE was once more thrown back upon his own unfailing resources. There must be a reference—that would be much less expensive than a petition, and would settle the dispute equally well. As for the breach of privilege, no one cared to mention bugbears only fit to frighten children. So a reference was agreed upon, Mr. ROSE having first obtained from his principal unqualified authority to act on his behalf. Nothing, of course, could be more satisfactory to Mr. CHILDER, and his agent, Mr. LEEMAN. They would get all the advantage of a petition at a tenth part of the expense. The sitting member would, of course, accept the Chiltern Hundreds if the decision of the arbitrator should be against him, and Mr. CHILDER would have a second chance of contesting the seat. So at least Mr. LEEMAN thought, and what is more material, Mr. ROSE must have known that this was the understanding upon which the opposing agent was induced to consent to the reference. The agreement was accordingly prepared and signed, and the petition was at once withdrawn. But LEEMAN was no match for ROSE in the *finesse* of the profession. With a curious affection of regard for the proprieties, it seems that agents would be shocked to see set down on paper the little bargains which they daily make. When Mr. ROSE telegraphs to Mr. OVEREND, the election is termed "the late action;" and it is the "record," and not the petition, which is to be withdrawn. The same decency of expression was observed in the agreement for a reference. Not a word was put in about any application to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the Chiltern Hundreds. The referee was to decide what ought to be done, and both parties were to act on his award.

The unsuspecting LEEMAN never dreamed that this meant less than a reference of the seat itself, but no sooner was the bargain made than ROSE wrote in triumph to the sitting member to say that their opponents had required delicate handling, but that he had let them down gently, and had obtained their consent to withdraw the petition upon "the illusory arrangement" which he had the pleasure to enclose. The scheme had succeeded to perfection. The agreement could not possibly be enforced in the sense in which it had been entered into on the part of Mr. CHILDER. Not only was the illegality in the way, but there was not a word in the document to say what was to be the subject of the reference or the extent of the arbitrator's powers. Any one, it is true, might have managed a little affair of this kind, but only an agent as perfect as ROSE could have added the one remaining essential to success. If Mr. OVEREND himself had been aware of the real footing on which Mr. LEEMAN asserts the bargain was struck, it would have been impossible for him to evade compliance with what he knew to be its meaning, nor is there the least ground for suspecting him of any such intention. It was necessary that he should not know too much. It was here that the most admirable skill was displayed. The first letter, asking for plenary powers to consent to a reference of "the action," represented Mr. CHILDER'S proposal as only a dignified way of withdrawing from the contest; and though a feeling of triumph afterwards prompted the exulting agent to chuckle over "the illusory arrangement," there was really nothing in his letter to give Mr. OVEREND the least idea that his opponent had assented to the agreement on any other understanding than appeared in the document itself. The few days which intervened between the agreement and the day fixed for the reference again tried the skill of the incomparable ROSE. Both he and the country agent who acted with him were pestered with letters from the other side, in which there was no concealment of their understanding that the seat was to be the subject of the reference. It was not safe to reply till the petition was fairly entombed, and neither by correspondence nor by word of mouth did ROSE or his subordinate intimate the fact until it had become impossible to proceed with the petition. Then came the arbitration—the agents retired—and the principal came forward. So thoroughly was Mr. OVEREND satisfied by his agent that the seat was not in question, that he resolutely refused to submit that matter to the arbitrator's

jurisdiction. No one could compel him to do so. He neither meant to enter into such a bargain, nor believed that his agent had done so for him. Never was man better served. He reaped the full advantage of his agent's dexterity, while he himself remained in happy ignorance of any circumstances calculated to embarrass him. Such is his own account of the transaction, and if we thoroughly acquit him of any participation in ROSE's arrangement, it is impossible to doubt that the plainest principles of honour, and even of common honesty, require a man to renounce a benefit which he has gained by questionable conduct on the part of his confidential agent. It seems that, at the last moment, Mr. OVEREND was satisfied that ROSE had misled the confiding agent of the other side, and that he then consented to leave the real meaning of the contract and the extent of the reference to the decision of the arbitrator himself. Mr. CHILDER had perhaps grown suspicious from his experience of ROSE's superior talents; otherwise it is difficult to understand why a substantial concession of the point in dispute should not have been accepted in preference to a public inquiry which may possibly interpose a barrier to the completion of an agreement which is in clear defiance of the privileges of Parliament. Yet the House has, wisely we think, in Dr. MICHELL's case, winked at a technical breach of privilege in the *bond fide* resignation of a seat for want of funds to defend it; and the concession which was made, in that instance, on the plea of poverty, would be not less reasonable as a tribute to honesty and good faith.

CONVENTIONAL MORALITY.

A DAILY newspaper lately observed, in reference to a conversation which took place in the House of Lords about the amount of work imposed upon the Judge Ordinary by the Divorce Court, that the fear expressed by Lord Redesdale as to the moral effects of the establishment of that tribunal must be affected and unfounded, inasmuch as a certain nobleman whose name figured prominently on the list of co-respondents would sustain no social inconvenience from the circumstance. "Will he," asked the virtuous journalist, with the withering sarcasm appropriate to the occasion, "will he receive one invitation the less? Will he make a less brilliant or frequent appearance in any part of the society in which he moves? Will he be less courted and flattered by ladies with marriageable daughters, or less well received by any one of the innumerable army of toad-eaters? If not, surely Lord Redesdale's regard for morality must be," &c. &c. As we do not exactly see the consequence, and have not the paper at hand, we will abstain from the attempt to paraphrase it; but the writer came to the common form conclusion that, inasmuch as conventional morality does not inflict a particular set of penalties for a particular set of offences, it is no better than hypocrisy. The popularity which assertions of this sort have of late years attained, and the influence which they have exercised over some of the most popular of contemporary authors, are facts which are in the highest degree significant and important, though they are of so transient a nature, and so little susceptible of precise statement, that they are almost certain to escape the notice of those who will hereafter study the character and history of the present generation. Whilst they are still before our eyes, it is desirable to examine them, for their incompleteness and fundamental inaccuracy are amongst the strongest of all possible proofs of the worthlessness of a large part of that which passes muster as current popular philosophy.

The popular argument is that society cares nothing for morality, because it will forgive any amount of moral obliquity to a man who is rich and lives splendidly. This short statement contains the pith of a whole mass of irony and invective which popular writers have poured out upon the world for the last thirty years. Mr. Thackeray's life has been passed in ringing the changes on it—sometimes pathetically, sometimes indignantly, sometimes with a sort of forced calmness the effectiveness of which would have been wonderful if it had not been a fact, as familiar in the moral as in the physical world, that by ingenious manipulation you can get enough gold leaf out of half-a-sovereign to paper a whole suite of rooms. Short, however, as the statement is, it will be found on examination to consist of a false insinuation, two false premisses, and an illogical conclusion. The false insinuation is that the fault denounced is peculiar to, or at least specially characteristic of, the upper classes of society. This is by no means true. There is plenty of immorality in the lower walks of life, but we never heard that navvies were in the habit of ostracizing their intemperate or unchaste companions. A sailor is not sent to Coventry on board ship for getting drunk in harbour, or for having several wives in various parts of the world; and in many parts of the country a young woman's character suffers very little from her having an illegitimate child. It would be no hard thing to mention attorneys who have been convicted of fraud, with a strong smack of perjury, farmers who are notorious for all the fashionable vices, and shopkeepers who keep a very small minority of the ten commandments, who are nevertheless received into the society of their equals with no sort of hesitation,

and who have as little difficulty, in proportion to their means and manners, in finding willing daughters and obsequious mothers, as any member of the peerage whose name is written in the chronicles of Sir Cresswell Cresswell. It is, in fact, the universal habit of all classes of persons to notice but little the morals of their associates in the common intercourse of life, so long as they are not of such a nature as to make that intercourse unpleasant. It is undoubtedly true, that an immoral man who has a great deal to say for himself is more popular in society than a strictly moral man who is excessively dull; but as this is equally true of all classes, it is unfair to make it a special charge against the higher classes. And this suggests the question whether it is true that the common practice of all classes shows an indifference to morality, and that its alteration would be desirable in a moral point of view. We do not, by any means, believe that either of these assertions is true, and we think that they are made only because those who make them have never considered with accuracy what is the relation between society and morality, and by what principles their mutual relations ought to be regulated. Social penalties for immorality form—like all other penalties—a kind of system of criminal law. They are inflicted, or rather it is desirable that they should be inflicted, only on occasions and in degrees in which they have some tendency to prevent particular evils; and the evil which social punishments are intended and calculated to prevent is the disturbance of the comfort of society. They pre-suppose the existence of a sort of average condition, in which people associate together without conscious discomfort—they punish acts which tend to disturb that state of things—and they leave, and ought to leave, untouched and unpunished all acts which do not disturb it.

If this is the true object at which conventional morality aims, it is in the highest degree absurd to attack it for punishing people heavily for acts which are but slightly immoral, whilst it abstains from all notice of other acts which involve guilt of a very heinous kind; for it is no more the object of conventional morality than it is the object of criminal law to establish a standard of Christian perfection. The law of the land allows one man with perfect impunity to let his father die of starvation in a ditch, whilst it sends another to gaol for stealing a loaf in order to give his starving parent a meal. Nor is there in this any sort of impropriety or injustice; for it is the object of the criminal law to protect property, but it is not its object to make people honour their parents. In the same way, conventional morality does not punish incontinence in a man nor cowardice in a woman, though in the converse cases it is exceedingly severe. And the reason of this is that the normal repose—the average comfort—of social intercourse rests on the supposition that men are sufficiently brave to speak the truth, and to exact for themselves a certain degree of respect, and women sufficiently chaste to justify their mixing, without suspicion, in the common intercourse of society. The degree of virtue necessary to the maintenance of the average condition of things will, of course, vary very widely in different times and countries, but where it is highest it will be indefinitely lower than the highest ideal of goodness attainable there; and thus the enforcement of the sanctions on which it depends will always be warranted by the common sense of the great bulk of society, whilst it will be a never-failing object of the contempt of those who think themselves great philosophers because they have discovered that gilt cornices are not made of solid gold.

These considerations appear to establish the gross injustice of asserting that the persons who compose society are indifferent to immorality, because they do not punish it with social excommunication. It is precisely parallel to the injustice of saying that lawyers think there is no harm in ingratitude because it is not the subject of legal punishment. It is perfectly possible to dislike a man and to disapprove of his conduct without avoiding his society, and in a great number of cases it is absolutely necessary to do so. In almost every form of public or semi-public life, in trades, in professions, in every kind of official intercourse, this distinction is fully recognised and constantly practised. A couple of barristers may meet constantly in court and on circuit, they may live in habits of almost confidential intercourse and even rough familiarity in their professional capacity; but when their profession is laid aside they may, though neighbours, hardly acknowledge each other's existence, and feel the greatest possible amount of mutual contempt and dislike. Every one knows how a similar rule applies between fellow-travellers. For the sake of common convenience, all sorts of people associate with the greatest freedom in an inn or on board of a steam-packet, on the sole condition that they are acquainted with the elementary usages of civilized life; but when the momentary casual tie is broken, they immediately become absolutely strangers again, and it is only the consciousness that that event will take place so soon that enables them to display so much intimacy for the moment. If an Archbishop fell in with an infidel lecturer in a railway carriage, they would probably talk comfortably enough about the harvest, the weather, and the newspapers, but it would be very absurd to infer from this that the contrast in their religious opinions was a matter of indifference to them.

It never appears to strike the persons who are most glib with the usual sarcasms against conventionality, that the most tremendous evils would be involved in an attempt to increase in any considerable degree the severity of conventional morality considered

as a penal code. It would involve nothing less than the dissolution of almost every social relation; for if we did not take the average comfort of society as the standard by which the enforcement of social penalties is to be regulated, no other standard can be found except that of ideal goodness. It is barely possible even to imagine what a society would be like in which any serious attempt was made to enforce such a standard as this. If it were universally understood that disapproval was to be felt and expressed in tangible, substantial forms—not on account of the tendency which the actions disapproved of might have to interfere with the comfort of society, but because they implied that the person performing them fell short of that degree of virtue which society required of him—the most powerful of all conceivable repressive forces would be brought to bear upon human conduct. A system of prohibitions as severe as those of the narrowest and most bigoted religious fanaticism would be brought into constant activity—an activity the more serious because it would be unostentatious, and, to the generality of men, imperceptible. The moral standard which public opinion would enforce would of necessity be lamentably imperfect in two vital respects. In the first place, it would be exclusively negative. It would take account only of specific bad actions. It could never weigh the influence of circumstances upon individuals, nor could it notice those elements of human nature which are not embraced under the categories of moral good and evil. It would place under a social ban all men of impulsive and original characters, in whom good and bad impulses take determinate forms, and it would tend to foster that passionless mediocrity which is rapidly transforming large bodies of people into moral Laodiceans, neither hot nor cold, and entitled to little other praise or blame than that of being more or less prudent. In the second place, the standard thus raised would not only be negative, but narrow and trivial to the last degree. It would represent nothing but the average feelings of the majority, and these average feelings, though good in their way, are perfectly despicable if they are regarded as a measure of the moral relations in which men might and ought to stand to each other. We often hear that morality is a simple matter, level to the comprehension of every one; and no doubt there is something that goes by the name of which this is true, but the distance between this something and the ultimate theory of human conduct is all but infinite. To take the great question hinted at above, what do the conceptions of ordinary men teach us as to what may be called moral set-offs? Was Lord Nelson a better or a worse man than a clerk in a London bank who passed his life in a sort of moral torpor, without sufficient energy or temptation to do anything very right or very wrong? No human being has ever settled the question satisfactorily, or even done anything considerable towards stating the elements of it; but the theory which would infallibly be laid down for the purpose of settling it, if society were to take upon itself the censorship of private character, would deal with it in the narrowest and most mischievous way. Social penalties are indispensable for the comparatively humble purpose of maintaining social decency and comfort; but they would be mischievous in the extreme if they were calculated on the principle that the common opinions of average men ought to mould the characters of mankind. It is one of the greatest social evils of the day that they have already far too strong an influence in that direction.

The evidence on which society would have to decide upon the application of the penalties in question, and the procedure by which it would apply them, would be as defective as the principles upon which the penalties would be adjudged would be false. The penalty would be social excommunication, the evidence popular report. Such a man, it would be said, has been unchaste, such another ungrateful, a third is a spendthrift, and a fourth an Atheist; therefore, let all who regard the decencies of life join in abstaining from all intercourse with them. Under the present system, which is considered so lax and so hollow, such assertions would not be regarded. Except in some case of well-ascertained and notorious scandal, society does not interfere, because its comfort is not disturbed, but if it took up the function which the attacks made upon it imply that it ought to take up, it would have to examine such charges, and to decide upon them according to the impression made by loose gossip and tattle.

It is one of the most curious of all illustrations of the inconsistency and weakness of sarcastic and sentimental writers, that those who inveigh most bitterly against the hypocrisy of conventional morality are so far from being in favour of more strictness that they would wish for more indulgence, and suppose that the course which they take is likely to procure it. Their sneers always fall into forms like these—"You are terribly virtuous against the poor woman who breaks the seventh commandment, but you have nothing to say to my lord who tempts her to do so. The starving wretch who steals to satisfy his wants you call a thief; but, if a man gambles in stocks and shares, you are only too proud to see him at your table. If your servant tells you a single falsehood you discharge him; but the lawyer who makes his fortune by coining lies and selling them is your honoured guest." What scandalizes the ingenuous persons who preach this kind of doctrine with such charitable acrimony is not the impunity of the successful, but the punishment of the weak. They have no wish to hurt the lawyer, the stock-jobber, or the adulterer, but they are shocked

at the hardships inflicted on the humbler offenders. They do not see that the only practical effect of their outcry will be to increase the stringency of the social code against persons whom at present it does not affect, without relieving those whom it at present punishes. They fall into precisely the same mistake as the French, who worship equality whilst they are quite indifferent to liberty. "Let us all be slaves to society together," is their sentiment—"we do not, indeed, love slavery, but we hate exceptions." It never occurs to their narrow and undisciplined minds that any arrangements can have partial objects, and that it is no more the object of conventional morality to form human character than it is the object of parish rates to pay the interest on the National Debt. It is as absurd to argue that society is indifferent to moral good and evil because it does not visit all moral offences with a degree of punishment proportioned to their moral enormity, as it would be to argue that the commissioners of a turnpike trust had no sense of religion or of architectural beauty, because they took tolls for the purpose of maintaining the roads whilst the parish church fell into decay for want of repairs.

SPORTING KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN a clever villain is convicted of an elaborate forgery, or a complicated burglary, or any well concocted scheme of fraud, the presiding judge is sure to tell him that an equal amount of ingenuity and perseverance would have conducted him to honour and wealth in any respectable line of life. Something of the same criticism is provoked by reading the astonishing masses of learning which constitute the highest kind of sporting literature in England. It is hardly credible that the human intellect has been so severely tasked, such feats of memory performed, such even balance of judgment exhibited merely in order to do justice to the achievements of deceased dogs and horses. The volumes that form the oracles of sporting knowledge furnish very curious proofs of the results that follow the direction of the persevering enthusiasm of Englishmen into any particular line. There is, especially, a volume lately published by an authority who calls himself the Druid, which perfectly overwhelms the ordinary reader with the wealth of information it contains. The pedigree, performances, look, points, and defects of about a thousand horses and dogs, past and present, are set forth with a particularity and intimacy of knowledge that far outstrips the standard of historical accuracy applied to men. In ordinary history we are told with tolerable fulness what the very leading men looked like and did, and how they came by their reputation, but little men only leave their names behind them. They pass into mere historical shadows. What Englishman of the present day knows anything of the appearance, fashion, private history, and place in the political succession of statesmen of such men as Mr. Percival or Lord Sidmouth? They were Premiers, and that is all that is known of them; but, if they had been racers, there would have been hundreds of enthusiasts who would treasure up the minute descriptions in which the Druid would have collected all the traditional stream of knowledge bearing on their physical and mental gifts, on their successes and failures, the way they carried their heads, and the way they turned out their feet. Mr. Carlyle has often insisted on the inestimable advantage it is to a biographer that he should have a clear conception of the outward image of the man he is describing, and on the very great difficulty which he finds in procuring the desired materials. But with horses, since the days when sporting knowledge began, nothing can be easier than to know exactly what they were like. How it is done may be a problem, but it is done. The Druid speaks as if there were always present to his eye the exact shape and outline of the backs of at least five hundred horses, many of whom were dead, we should guess, before he was born. Surely this is an astonishing fact. It can only have arisen from the intense devotion of many observant minds to the matter. Their concurrence of testimony has supplied a floating knowledge which the Druid has embodied. It is difficult to discover any parallel to a body of learning so purely traditional, and yet so minutely accurate.

The Druid's volume, which is called *Silk and Scarlet*, is written with great gravity and decorum. It seems as if he felt the subject to be far too sacred to make slang admissible. Slang may be described as the superficial playfulness of sporting, but in its inmost depths sporting is a weighty, profound, business-like affair. If we can fancy an edition of the *Legends of the Saints*, in which the different saints were checked off with great brevity and yet particularity of description, and in which the facts stated were credible, we should have something very analogous to *Silk and Scarlet*. The very successful beasts are spoken of with a sort of affectionate awe, which has great charm even for the lay reader; and even the records of minor animals are handled with a delicacy and care which show that their chronicler thinks there may be more in their history than is generally dreamt of. Orientals are said to be very scrupulous about destroying the least scrap of paper, lest, perchance, the words of the Koran may be written thereon. The Druid speaks reverently even of the most disappointing stable favourites, lest, perchance, their progeny should have been better than themselves. There is, it would seem, a new paganism in England. There is a religion of the country which is lost to the towns. The country folk have objects of worship peculiar to themselves. They have sacred books that contain all the truths they need or care to know.

Their heart leaps up when they behold a dog or a horse. They wish for no learning but the precious knowledge that unveils the canine or equine pedigree. In a formula like that of their Mahometan rivals, they seem prepared to exclaim—There is no knowledge but sporting knowledge, and the Druid is the man that knows all about it.

But a religion is nothing unless it has mysteries; and when we say that the Druid is above slang, we do not mean that he dispenses with technical phraseology. On the contrary, although he does but use the English that is perfectly natural to him, his sayings are often very dark to the uninitiated. Both the new views of life which are fostered by the possession of a special branch of knowledge, and the peculiar character of the sporting man's writing, are illustrated by a chapter in which the Druid surveys the geography of England after a fashion of his own. He takes us from county to county, and goes off into many pretty pieces of topographical word-painting, the object of attraction in each case being the chief "trial ground" of which the county boasts. The map of an English county appears to him a black patch on which there is one redeeming speck of white, where race-horses go through private and preliminary contests. The new history of these happy spots obliterates any previous historical associations that may happen to be attached to them. Thus we are told—"Wilts has its great Fyfield trial wherein Teddington and Storyteller at even weights routed the Ban and Vatican as effectually as the Royalists had done the Roundheads on Roundaway Down two hundred seasons before." This is intelligible, at any rate; and if all the topographical enthusiasm were delivered in as easy language, it would be very plain sailing. But the Druid proceeds:—"The Letcombe Downs can also take up the tale for Berkshire. It was there that Tom Parr asked Saucebox, on the Friday before the St. Leger, to be as good as Scythian in the Chester Cup, and with Fanny Grey to make the running and Mortimer to take it up at the end of a mile, got an answer in the affirmative, with five lengths to spare." If any one of the rural inhabitants of Letcombe Downs knows from this exactly what happened in that favoured locality, he is a wise and a lucky man. The praises of Hampshire are equally puzzling. That county appears to be encircled with a halo of glory as the scene of the following mysterious anecdote:—"Winchester race-course, at four o'clock on a September morning, was the scene where, in the presence of Lord George and Mr. Greville, Dilly and Old John met to put Mango and The Drummer together at 7lbs. 'Beggar my limbs, but we must know the worst,' was John's watchword at such a crisis, and three monkeys from Lord George after the St. Leger, one to Dilly for training, and the others to John and his son Sam for trying and riding, proved that he had seen them spun out to some purpose, and that it was not what in after years he contemptuously termed, as with his clear-cut passionless face he looked on by the Newmarket cords, 'Another of those Danebury pots.' We must pass on this specimen of Druid's story-telling to our readers, with the remark with which Herodotus is accustomed to close his accounts of the sacred history of Egypt:—"I tell these things not as having known them myself, but as having heard them from the priests."

The men who devote their lives to attending on the horses and dogs are regarded with a reverence only second to that commanded by the animals themselves. Druid's book is illustrated with likenesses of several of these worthies, and he apologizes for not having been able to procure likenesses of others who have an equal right to figure in a sporting Valhalla. The fervour with which the jockey and the huntsman devote themselves almost from the cradle to their calling, the absorbing delight they find in it, and the deep homage they receive from high and low, make a very curious element in sporting life. The wisest of them, however, remember that they are but men. One who was accustomed to stay with the Duke of Cleveland for a month at a time used to assure his confederates that he "never forgot that he was Billy Pierse." But still they expect due respect even from the outer world. One of them had to speak to the present Premier on horse matters, and came to Westminster Hall to find him. A non-sporting policeman stopped him as he was proceeding to enter the House, and, half disbelieving the audacity of the official, he solemnly exclaimed, "I'm John Day." But it ought to be well understood in the outer world, which thinks almost as little of turf dignities as this policeman did, that the calling of a jockey requires high moral, as well as physical qualities. The first of requisites is that the jockey should be able to command his temper under the most trying circumstances, and habits of abstemiousness and sobriety are so relentlessly forced on him by the exigencies of his calling that he may lay all the claim to these virtues which can be conceded to virtues involuntarily acquired. Jockeys are also almost always men of some peculiarity and originality of character. A man does not win several great races unless he has something in him which marks him out from the run of persons in his station. The successful jockey has generally qualities that would have given him a lead in whatever class he might have been born.

We need not trouble ourselves with moral questions while we are reading a book like the Druid's. The advantages and disadvantages which attend many English gentlemen, and the fact that many of those whom they influence have this rural religion of sporting, in which they are such devoted

believers, may be left out of sight for the moment. The great fact to notice is, that this religion exists, that it deeply colours English social life, and that to an astonishing degree it occupies the thoughts and exercises the intellects of our countrymen. There are many charms in racing and hunting to Englishmen—they are attracted by love of exercise, love of animals, love of excitement, love of gambling. But besides all these impelling forces, there is the pleasure of tracing out an intellectual problem which can only be solved by very complicated calculations, and by the retention in the memory of a vast mass of facts of every degree of importance. To see what is the practical effect of interchanges of pedigree is as interesting an experiment, and to calculate this effect beforehand is as intricate a problem, as many which perplex and delight the physical philosopher. Sporting has its intellectual side, and sporting knowledge is by no means a contemptible triumph of the mind of man.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S pamphlet on England and the Italian Question fully satisfies the expectations which his reputation could not fail to excite in respect of anything which he might write. It is needless to say that it is characterized by great elegance and great vigour of style; but it is remarkable on independent grounds, inasmuch as it contains the only attempt which, as far as we know, has been made on this side of the Channel to enter into and express the views with which the French regard the Italian question. It is the infirmity of all who take a clear and strong view of a particular subject to find a great difficulty in admitting into their minds the belief that any other view of it should appear equally natural to other people. Englishmen are *so much* in the habit—a habit in which they are amply justified by experience—of looking upon a vast proportion of the sounding professions which the late war elicited as mere bombast and hypocrisy, that they are sometimes induced to overrate the degree in which they may influence a less incredulous population, whose vanity is interested in believing them to be true. Mr. Arnold, who (in the discharge, we understand, of public duties) has lately passed a considerable time in France, has had the opportunity of forming a very clear opinion as to the real feelings of the French in reference to the Italian war. He has done good service to all who concern themselves in the matter, by expressing the opinion which he has adopted in consequence of his observations. We do not agree with his conclusions, nor do we think that he does justice to the views which determined the policy of England during the war, but we are grateful to him for putting before us, with equal ingenuity and perspicuity, a side of the question which is certainly not familiar in this country.

The thesis of which the greater part of the pamphlet is the development is that the English aristocracy misconceived the whole purport and character of the Italian war, and its object is to give them an opportunity of correcting their mistake. Our divergence begins from the very first words of the pamphlet. We deny altogether that the English aristocracy formed any conception upon the subject of the war different from that which was formed by all persons of education and reflection. The general view of the country upon the whole subject was almost unanimous. The policy which it dictated was absolute neutrality. The sentiments on which it proceeded were extreme jealousy of the French, and especially of their Emperor, and a rather cold good-will towards the Italians—cold, because tempered by just scepticism as to the prospects of liberation from foreign and despotic authority which the war held out to them. This policy and these feelings were certainly not confined to the House of Lords. They notoriously were common to both Houses of Parliament, to almost every constituency in the kingdom, and to the overwhelming majority of the newspapers and other periodicals.

Mr. Arnold's view of the matter is, that the aristocracy (which he identifies with the nation in a manner which is almost unexampled amongst English writers, though it is common enough in France) opposed the Italian war for three reasons:—first, because they thought that the Italians never had been, and never could be, independent of foreign rulers; secondly, because they considered the principle of nationality chimerical; and, thirdly, because they thought that the French intervention would end in a mere change of rulers, and not in the liberation of Italy. In answer to these three arguments, he urges, first, that the Italians were, in fact, independent from the year 1310 till 1494; and that at the latter period a great Italian nation was in the process of formation, which was only prevented from uniting itself into a great European State by the intervention of Charles VIII. Secondly, he contends that the idea of nationality is not chimerical, but substantial—that though in some cases it would be absurd to make distinctions of race and of language a ground for national independence, it is in others most reasonable to do so—and that the reasonableness of the proceeding in the case of Italy arises from the great historical importance and the hereditary glory and genius of the Italian race. Lastly, he answers the argument that the interference of Louis Napoleon would produce a mere change of masters, by asserting that the French peasantry, who are the bulk of the nation, are utterly opposed to wars of conquest—that they dreaded the Italian war

because at first they thought it was to be a war of conquest—and that they afterwards admired it because Louis Napoleon told them that he had no such intentions, and they believed his professions. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Arnold argues, they have confidence in him, because they consider that he represents their own views and sympathies, and because they think that he will raise the prestige of the nation, for which they are as anxious as ever, though they have renounced their dreams of extended dominion. He adds, that to some extent this confidence in Louis Napoleon is justified by the fact that he sympathizes strongly with all the great popular ideas, which his varied experience of life has led him to feel to be most important agents in the affairs of the world. These ideas are comprised in the "Principles of 1789;" and the Emperor is not only deeply imbued with these principles, but is sincerely anxious to propagate them—probably for objects of his own—but still to propagate them effectually and sincerely. Such is the principal part of Mr. Arnold's pamphlet. The remainder consists of observations on the relations between England and the Continent to which we do not propose to refer.

Reverting to the arguments which we have already stated, we must say that in so far as they are directed against what we should call the popular, and what Mr. Arnold calls the aristocratic view of the late war, we are entirely unable to agree with them. Mr. Arnold, no doubt, states the matter in such a way as to give considerable plausibility to his opinions. It is not quite true that Italy has never been free from foreign dominion since the fall of the Roman Empire; nor is it at all true that the idea of nationality is chimerical; nor is it quite true that the object of the late war was conquest, in the strict sense of the word. In contending these opinions, Mr. Arnold gains a victory as worthless as it is easy. No one ever maintained them; but the opinions which most Englishmen did entertain approached them very nearly, and are not only incontrovertibly true, but are unconsciously admitted and supported by Mr. Arnold himself. That Italy was during nearly two centuries free from foreign interference is no doubt the case. That those two centuries were filled with intestine broils which ended in the division of the country into five principal States, is Mr. Arnold's own statement. That in the absence of foreign interference these five States would gradually have been fused into one great nation, is an assertion which it is as easy to make as it is hard to prove. Mr. Arnold assumes it as an elementary proposition which requires no proof. The result is, that though it is not true that Italy has never, since the fall of the Western Empire, been free from foreign interference, it is strictly true that this may be affirmed of twelve centuries out of fourteen, and that the other two centuries were passed in intestine divisions which paved the way for the renewal of that foreign interference which was suspended during their course.

As to the principle of nationality, which, as Mr. Arnold affirms, the English aristocracy looked upon as chimerical, a very similar observation arises. Neither the English aristocracy, nor any other body of proximately sane persons, ever doubted the general maxim that foreign rule over any nation is a calamity; nor do we believe that any considerable section of English society ever doubted that, if the Austrians could by fair means have been expelled from Italy, the result would have been highly desirable. If, for example, the Lombards, by their own exertions, or with the help of the Sardinians, had succeeded in driving the Austrians into the Tyrol, not only would no English politician have proposed any interference in favour of the foreign domination, but hardly any, if any, Englishman, whether a member of the aristocracy or not, would have refused his hearty sympathy to the achievement. What Mr. Arnold calls the "idea of nationality"—or what we should call the maxim that the government of nations by foreign Powers is usually an evil—is as familiar to Englishmen as to any people in the world. No one ever was absurd enough to consider it chimerical. No one could possibly dispute Mr. Arnold's cautious statement, that "in a sentiment thus natural and necessary, and the operation of which also is thus natural and necessary, there is nothing chimerical. A politician is not fanciful for taking such sentiment into account. It is considerable enough to demand his notice." What the English aristocracy, and every other person of education or reflection, contemplated with deep alarm was the establishment of the principle that the French, or any other people, are entitled to break through existing treaties, and deny the rights secured by them, simply on the ground that they do not square with their opinions as to what ought to be the state of international relations. Mr. Arnold does not appear to us to distinguish as he ought between ideas and principles. That the idea of national independence is an important and, indeed, essential element in all politics, is an unquestionable truth. That it is chimerical to expect any good results from the establishment of the principle that any nation may interfere forcibly on behalf of any people subject to rulers of a foreign race, appears to be a truth which is equally certain and equally important. The formation of a single powerful and independent State comprising the whole of Italy is an object to which Italians naturally and properly attach the very highest importance; but this admission has no bearing on the question whether the French had a right to make war on the Austrians in order to bring it about. It is very desirable that poor men should be acted upon by the idea of riches, but it by no means follows that they ought to act upon the principle of emptying

their neighbours' pockets. Still less does it follow that the rich ought to rob each other for the benefit of the poor.

According to Mr. Arnold, the reasonableness of making "a separate nationality a plea for a separate national existence" depends upon the greatness and glory of the State by which that plea is urged, and on the prospect which circumstances afford of its being united in a satisfactory manner to the State to which it is subject; and he seems to think, though he does not exactly go on to say, that if these conditions are fulfilled in a particular case, it is lawful for any nation to bring about the necessary changes by force of arms. The establishment of such a principle would be absolutely fatal to the peace of Europe. Gibraltar, Malta, the Channel Islands, all belong by race to great nations; and it is precisely because the establishment of the principle upon which Mr. Arnold appears to look so favourably would justify the French in inquiring whether they might not be advantageously reunited to those nations, that we entirely object to its establishment. The idea of Spanish nationality may, for aught we know, be a very fine thing, but the recognition of any principle which would justify any foreign country in treating as an open question the propriety of restoring Gibraltar to the Spanish nation would be simply intolerable. This was the ground on which the aristocracy, with the hearty concurrence of every man of sense in the country, regarded the attack upon Austria as an act full of danger to ourselves.

The third of Mr. Arnold's arguments is perhaps the most singular of them all. It depends upon his view of the character and wishes of the French nation. It is, he argues, a mistake to suppose that the French desire wars of conquest. There is nothing they dread so much; but they have perfect confidence in the Emperor; they believed him when he said that the Italian war was undertaken for the liberation of Italy; and they like glory (*prestige* Mr. Arnold calls it) as much as they dread a new coalition, an increase of taxation, and an even more stringent conscription than they have at present. We have no doubt that this is perfectly true. That the French really do admire and trust the Emperor is a melancholy fact; that they do intensely long to see their country play a grand dramatic rôle, as the redresser of wrongs and the liberator of the oppressed, is no less true; and we have very little doubt that an announcement that the Emperor was going to the wars for the purpose of conquering Belgium or the Rhenish Provinces would be very unpopular. All this, however, is not only quite consistent with the suspicion and dismay with which the nation viewed the proceedings in Italy, but is a complete justification of it. Mr. Arnold's case, in a few words, is that the French like aggression, but do not care for conquest. They are fond of knocking people down, and taking away their watches, but they never commit robbery—they always give the property to the poor. They are the Robin Hoods of Europe, and have no connexion with the low garotte robbers who have no soul for anything above plunder. If Robin Hood were still alive we suspect that the Nottinghamshire police would be just as busy as they are now. The owners of Clumber and Thoresby would not feel that their plate and pictures were more secure because, if they lost them, they would pass into some grand national museum or picture gallery, and not into the melting-pot and the Jew's back parlour. If you are to be robbed and murdered, it is no consolation that it is done on the purest principles; and, indeed, a conscientious burglar, who lectured the Christian Young Men's Association before he went on his beat, and requested the prayers of the congregation at the parish church on behalf of a gentleman embarked in a hazardous enterprise, would be, to our apprehension, a far more dangerous character than the common domestic rogues who, in the language of our old law books, "mangent bien et boivent bien et n'ont nul bien." Can Mr. Arnold possibly imagine that a war or series of wars of aggression and "moral influence" could possibly be carried on without ending very early indeed in wars of precisely the old type? You cannot always gallop straight at a precipice, and pull up within a yard of it. A very little more, and the question between France and Austria would have become a question of conquest. Every one feels that the present mongrel result is a mere stop-gap, as dangerous, perhaps more dangerous, than the state of things which preceded it. If Germany had been brought into the conflict—and no one knows how near such a result may have been—the French must have conquered or submitted. The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water, and though the aggressor may be quite content with displaying his own courage and skill, and may be perfectly willing, when he is sated or exhausted with success, to retire from the contest, it is by no means certain that it will be in his power to do so. The wars of the Revolution were not undertaken as wars of conquest. They assumed that character simply because it was agreeable to the armies and their general. This danger is as great, or greater, at present than it ever was. It is not to be supposed that an enormous army, flushed with victory and accustomed to think itself invincible, will be peacefully inclined; and Mr. Arnold himself admits (though for another purpose) that "the peasant proprietary is in perfect sympathy with the army, because the army issues from its bosom." Has any member of the aristocracy, or of any other part of the community, ever put the state of affairs in a point of view more alarming than this?

Of Mr. Arnold's estimate of Louis Napoleon himself, and of the French nation generally, we may say a few words in conclusion.

The Emperor, he says, "possesses" (the italics are Mr. Arnold's) "largely and deeply interwoven in his constitution the popular fibre." This "is the most interesting feature in his character. It is his great advantage over the kings and aristocracies of Europe." This feature is marked, as we understand Mr. Arnold, partly by the circumstance that he recognises the value of "the ideas of religious, political, and social freedom which are commonly called the Ideas of 1789," and "by the constitution of his own nature is in entire sympathy with them." An Englishman, and an Oxford Professor, should have remembered that the "Ideas of 1789" were a mere copy from those of 1774, and that Independence Day was a nobler and more important date than the fall of the Bastille. We do not, however, grudge the French whatever credit is to be got from the announcement of a few barren abstractions, though even that credit is not their due. The astonishing nature of Mr. Arnold's assertion is enough to concentrate the whole of our attention upon itself. What single instance can he, or any other person, adduce of the Emperor's having promoted either religious, or political, or social freedom in any particular? M. Martin observes that Malebranche was pre-eminently French in his admiration of ideas and his supreme disdain of facts. Possibly Louis Napoleon deserves the same eulogy. Whether it will disarm the suspicions entertained of him here is quite another question. There is indeed one passage in Mr. Arnold's pamphlet which gives an explanation of this view, which is probably more correct though even less satisfactory. Speaking of the popular feeling with which the Emperor sympathizes so deeply, he says:—

They [the French] were sensible also to the gratification of playing before the world the brilliant part of generous and disinterested liberators of such a country as Italy. Neither for this gratification would they pay too high a price; but if it was to be had on reasonable terms, they accepted it gladly. *"Après tout"*—the common people were constantly saying after the Emperor's manifesto had appeared—*"après tout, c'est une belle guerre, c'est une belle guerre,"* and then followed a string of commonplaces, taken from the journals, as to the achievements of Italy in the cause of civilization, and her claims upon the gratitude of the world. It is to the honour of France, it is what distinguishes her from all other nations, that the mass of her population is so accessible to considerations of this elevated order. It is the bright feature in her civilization that her common people can understand and appreciate language which elsewhere meets with a response only from the educated and refined classes. One is tempted to ask oneself, what would the French nation be if the general knowledge equalled the general intelligence. At present, the accessibility to ideas, in France, is only equalled by the ignorance of facts. To give a curious illustration: if ever a war with England is consented to by the French nation, it will be from the profound conviction entertained by the mass of them (I do not speak of the Emperor or his general officers) of the inefficiency of the English army.

To our apprehension a taste for a string of commonplaces taken from the "journals" is a proof of nothing but natural poverty of character. To talk parrot, and to like fine words, is the characteristic of a silly child whose faculties run to display and fluency, and are unfit for the real business of life. We cannot follow Mr. Arnold in his satisfaction at the discovery that the French like fine phrases, and care nothing for the facts which they represent. The Emperor, he argues, humours, and to some extent sympathizes with them, and therefore the estimate formed of him by the English aristocracy is a false one. To us, the conclusion seems rather to be that no English writer has as yet fully comprehended the imminent danger in which we are placed by a nation and an Emperor who understand each other so thoroughly, who have so many good reasons for wishing to injure us, and so strong a propensity to overrate the ease of doing so.

PALMERSTON ON ART.

THERE are few things more humiliating than to see a very clever man going out of his way to make himself ridiculous. It lowers one's notions of humanity in general. It is a severe reminder of the littleness of man; and the more undoubtedly great a man is, the more vexatious it is when he plays the fool. Now, here is Lord Palmerston lecturing on architecture. Lord Palmerston is one of the first men of the age. He is very often wrong in his views of political matters, but still he stands in the front rank of practical statesmen. Yet we make no doubt whatever that he is not very well skilled in the history and criticism of the text of the Septuagint version, and his opinion on the Masonic points is probably not very accurate. He might just as well, however, lecture a divinity class on these matters as give his opinion on architecture. He knows absolutely nothing about it. He is as totally ignorant of the first principles of art as many respectable people are of music. "But," says Lord Palmerston, "I have a right to my opinion—it is only a question of taste. As a matter of taste, I dislike Gothic architecture. I am master of the situation, and I shall therefore proscribe Gothic architecture. *De gustibus non, &c.* I dare say you think me very much of a Goth, gentlemen, but Gothic I hate; and while I have a voice in the matter, Gothic you shall not have. Good morning, gentlemen." These, as reported in the *Builder*, were almost the very words which Lord Palmerston used, about a fortnight ago, to the forty members of Parliament who attended as a deputation to urge the claims of Mr. Scott's design for the Foreign-office. And so pleased was he with his funny speech to the deputation, that he got it by heart, and repeated it nearly word for word in the House of Commons the other night in the debate on the same subject.

Now what we have to remark is, that as regards Lord Pal-

merston, it is not a question of taste, but of knowledge and of ignorance. It is a great mistake and fallacy to suppose that any and every one has a right to say that a piece of music, or a picture, or a work of art, or a work of fiction, is or is not good. We know that it is lamentably common for everybody to pass an opinion on these matters. It is, they say, only a matter of taste. "It is quite true that everybody has a right to have his own opinion in matters of taste, and that everybody has a right to differ from those who take a different opinion." This is Lord Palmerston's broad way of enunciating a very popular error. We meet it at once by saying that only educated and studious persons in special branches of art and letters have a right to any opinion at all in matters of taste; and so far from everybody having a right to differ and dissent from real judges, there are very few qualified to deliver any judgment on such subjects, and Lord Palmerston is not one of these few. People have only a right to have a taste in art or music when they have cultivated those special faculties whose function is to appreciate art or music. Art tastes and musical tastes do not come by nature—they are the result of study, and education, and practice. So that we altogether demur to Lord Palmerston's sweeping, hasty fallacy. We all, he says, have a right to our tastes in architecture—you have yours, which is Gothic; I have mine, which is Italian. This is not true. Lord Palmerston has really no taste, and has no right to pretend to a taste; and therefore he has no right to express a judgment on a subject of which he is altogether ignorant.

He says that Mr. Scott's design is a "frightful" design—that it would disfigure the metropolis—and that London possesses a number of buildings which are not Gothic, but which are still very fine—the Bank, for example, and the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange, and Somerset House, and Stafford House, and the British Museum, and the Post Office. Then, elsewhere, there is St. George's Hall at Liverpool, and the Four Courts at Dublin, and the Foreign Office at Paris and the Rue Rivoli. Now, what Lord Palmerston likes—if this enumeration means anything—is a happy mixture of Grecian, Roman, Palladian, Wrenian, Jonesian, Soanian—*facies non omnibus una nec diversa tamen, as he says—variety, but not discrepancy.* He quotes these as really fine things, as being homogeneous, and then says he likes Italian. Yet there is not one of these buildings Italian, or anything like Italian; and they are as different from each other in principle and period as Lord Palmerston is from Lord Bacon. Some of them have domes to cover nothing; and nine out of ten have porticoes, and some peristyles, in this delicious climate, where it is well known we want shady recesses so much to screen us when sauntering from the fervid mid-day sun. If Lord Palmerston likes all these buildings, he shows that he knows nothing of art; for they are as dissimilar and contradictory to each other—Greenwich Hospital, for example, and the British Museum—as the Sanscrit language is to the Mexican. If he only likes some of them, he should have said which. But what he says is, that he likes Italian, and then he specifies a score of public buildings, not one of which is Italian.

Such is one proof of Lord Palmerston's ignorance of the subject on which he is going to try to play dictator. And he has furnished another demonstration of his incapacity. He says Mr. Scott is a very clever person. Like any other clever architect, he can make his ground plan, and put what face he likes upon it. Greek or Roman, Gothic or Italian—he can plate it. "It is quite manifest that a man of Mr. Scott's ability can put any face he pleases to a given ground plan; and therefore it is perfectly competent for Mr. Scott to give a different elevation," &c. These were Lord Palmerston's words to the deputation. He thinks that art is like his own political performances. He would have it submit to the craft of his own pursuits. He has been so long accustomed to "put any face he pleases" on a given fact—to mask with half a score of sham elevations a single proceeding, and to make his ground-plan do duty for any external policy—that he thinks all art and architecture proceed on the same principle. He would carry into the sacred domain of art the trickery, and finesse, and sham of his own political morals. True art makes the apparent and the real coincide—makes the external elevation display honestly its construction and purpose. Ground-plan and elevation, outside and inside, construction and ornament, must match, and express each other. Art must say what it means, and mean what it says. Art does not Machiavelize, or deal in constructional ambiguities, or diplomatic elevations. It does not run up a thin strip of plaster from the top to the bottom of a building, utterly concealing the stages of floor, nor does it mark its attics by balustrades to prevent people from falling only where there is nothing to walk upon. Art must have a purpose, and a thought, and a use, to provide for in a building, and must express that use by the external arrangement—not put any face it pleases on it by way of elevation. Lord Palmerston very likely would not be offended, so that the windows matched, if some of them backed a chimney, or if staircases ran up them. Put any face you please on the front, Mr. Scott. This is the old politician's view; but it is not the view of the true artist—the poet, i.e. the maker—which an architect is, or ought to be, or is unworthy of the name. Sir Charles Barry got hold of a classical plan and veneered it with Gothic; and the result is a failure. Such is not Mr. Scott's design. Such cannot be any design

of any real artist. And until Lord Palmerston has grasped this fundamental fact, that an elevation is not a thing to be nailed on to any inferior, like a scene in a play, but must be the real expression of the inner intention and object, he has not mastered the very first principles of taste.

Nor is he more successful in his historical than in his aesthetic criticism. "The Gothic style," he learnedly discourses, "is a foreign style which at a particular period was imported into this country, which did not live long in this country, and was succeeded by the Tudor style; it is not a national style; it is neither invented by the nation nor used by the nation." Such was the lecture delivered to the deputation. "Gothic may be very well suited for a Jesuit college, but not for a public office." This pleasantry the Premier was so pleased with that he repeated it with unctuous in the House of Commons. Now here Lord Palmerston is doubly wrong. Gothic, as he is pleased to call it—that is, the pointed style—is a style fairly developed by the Northern nations out of debased classical, and is suited to the climatic and social necessities of the several nations. That here, in England, this pointed style took a certain characteristic and national development—flourished and covered the land with homogeneous buildings, domestic and secular—is a fact; and it ran this course for at least five centuries. If it never produced a public office, it was only because public offices, in their present sense, are not two centuries old in Europe. That it was not succeeded by the Tudor, but degenerated into it, just as Lord Palmerston of twenty-five can scarcely be said to be succeeded or displaced by Lord Palmerston of seventy-five, is a matter of art history; whereas, as to the noble buildings enumerated by Lord Palmerston, whether Greek or Palladian, or Italian, or in other styles, they are merely the adaptations—and not very happy ones—of certain Greek temples and Roman triumphal arches. And that those styles were imported ready made at the time of the Revival, and were not developed by the national English mind, is a matter of mere English history. The simple fact is, that Gothic happens to be the only style in existence which, being coeval with that actual European life and social development of which we are the inheritors—and the cardinal necessity of which is to erect buildings to be dwelt in, as contrasted with the out-of-doors existence of Greece and Rome—has ever produced a construction of which rooms and windows are legitimate portions. There is not in any original Greek, Roman, or classical building, such a thing as chimney, room, or window; and in every one of the buildings enumerated by Lord Palmerston, these somewhat essential portions of a modern edifice are mere blots, disfigurements, and anomalies in classical art. As to Italian, it is, in fact, no style at all. As far as it is anything, it is actually derived from Gothic; and what life and truth it possesses it inherits from the Pointed style. The great joke of the suitability of Gothic to a Jesuit college may be appreciated by those who remember that, like Lord Palmerston, the Jesuits happen to have an architectural taste, and have developed a style of their own, which is—though he knows nothing about it, and only used the word "Jesuit" because he thought it would enlist some vulgar sympathies from those as ignorant of art as himself—the most debased, meretricious, and singularly inconsistent and ugly style in existence. It really is Italian—Italian in origin—Italian, and the very worst and most extravagant and Ultramontane Italian, in thought and purpose. It is a style at once heavy and costly, and overdone with misapplied ornament. The Jesuit church or the Jesuit college may be always known as the most hideous building in every city on the Continent, and may also be at once known as being built in what Lord Palmerston calls Italian. Thus, it being the fact that no Jesuit college, or Jesuit church, or Jesuit school in existence is built in Gothic, the jest of Mr. Scott's design being eminently fitted for a Jesuit seminary was very unlucky.

However, some respite is gained. All that Lord Palmerston has yet committed us to, besides the pleasure of criticizing his lecture on art, is that he has commissioned Mr. Scott to "devise some elevation in a different style, more cheap, more light, more airy, more cheerful, before the next session"—that is to say, something which will reflect our light, airy, and cheerful Premier himself. Well, we shall see—these matters are all an allegory. The present Foreign Office is tumbling down, and the new site is a quaking bog; and next year is a long time ahead, and Ministries are not very long-lived; and Lord Palmerston's majority of thirteen is at present no majority at all. Moreover, for once, in the late debate, all the argument and all the taste happened to be on one side. Lord John Manners certainly was more than a match for the lecturer of the evening; and Mr. Stirling, and Sir Joseph Paxton, and Mr. Buxton, and Lord Elcho have actually studied the subject; and, as Mr. Cross remarked, the feeling in the House and in the country is very strong in favour of Mr. Scott's design—which feeling will only be strengthened when the choice lies between Mr. Scott designing in Pointed and Mr. Scott designing in Italian. And, as Lord Palmerston will, after all, have to yield to the dictates of common-sense as well as of art, he might prudently have saved the country the additional expense about to be incurred in getting up plans and elevations of what certainly will never be built, and which can only remain as a paper memorial of his interference in a matter of which he knows nothing.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

ENGLISHMEN naturally enough take a deep interest in the *Great Eastern*, not only because they are proud of her, but from the many anxious hours she has cost them. We went through a great deal on her behalf, and, like a fine child which has been reared with unusual difficulty, she is now doubly precious from the vicissitudes which attended her early days. The public will not easily forget the state of nervous excitement in which it was kept week after week while the iron monster was inch by inch forced into its destined element. There is no greater annoyance than a thing remaining in a sort of chronic *paulo-post-futurum*, constantly on the eve of happening, and yet never actually taking place. In this way the *Great Eastern* tortured us for months together, and proved a heavy strain on the national powers of endurance. The author of *Friends in Council* has devoted an essay and conversation to the "Worries" of Life. He ought not to have omitted the *Great Eastern* from his category of vexations. It has been emphatically the worry of its day. From the first moment it came into existence it has given nobody concerned with it any peace. "With agonies, and ecstasies, and undulations to and fro," amidst hopes and fears, bitter disappointments, desperate efforts, it has been at last elaborated into completeness. Before it was in actual existence, the very conception of its immensity caused a good deal of trouble. It took so much to convey its vast proportions to the public understanding; we were bewildered with acres of iron plates and millions of rivets; we had its size put before us in all sorts of startling ways; we realized the fact that it was longer than Berkeley-square, as broad as Portland-place, that the masts would be as high as St. Paul's, and the paddle-boxes as big as the amphitheatre at Astley's. No sooner were we safe through all this than a new trouble broke upon us. It was proved to mathematical demonstration how, at a given moment, the vessel must glide into the stream. In defiance of every principle of gravitation, she remained where she was. The Fates seemed adverse — the sweet little shrub that sits up aloft to take care of poor Jack would not stir a finger on behalf of poor Jack's future home, but left it to stick ignobly in the mud. The three million inhabitants of the metropolis fervently ejaculated, "Move on," but the *Great Eastern* budged not. Chains snapped like packthread, cranks twisted, pulleys flew to pieces, steel and oak seemed to have lost their virtues, the very earth sank under the unaccustomed load — the one thing that did not move was the monster ship. The verse in the Psalms was literally applied — "There go the ships," but "there is that Leviathan." It was a national annoyance. It seemed so infinitely provoking to have it standing there, a perfect vessel, and to be actually unable to move our own handiwork. It was all very well for Robinson Crusoe to be brought to a stand-still with his hollow tree, but for a whole civilized nation to be baffled by a few yards of soil was positively ludicrous and disgraceful. We wished it out of our sight, and should have been quite obliged to any one who would have taken it off our hands, and broken it up into old iron, or in any manner got us out of our scrape. All sorts of adventurous and impossible theories were thrown out in sheer despair — "sedit eternumque sedebit" was the frightful conviction that was daily creeping nearer the hearts of the Londoners. At last, however, with groans, and rumblings, and creakings, the monster reluctantly quitted the spot of its birth, and lay floating many a rod, towering above the pigmy craft that crowded the Thames' surface all around it. And here again it bade fair to become a fixture. The ship was on the water certainly, but the golden stream that was equally necessary to her existence had run terribly dry. Good-natured friends were, of course, ready with all sorts of agreeable vaticinations. The Evangelical Cassandra took up her parable, and accounted for the vessel's ill luck by its unholy nomenclature. With such a title as *Leviathan*, could any Christian vessel hope to get safe to sea? No; "Brunel's Folly" was to remain a lasting warning to those who began to build without counting the cost — a monument of human weakness for the instruction of posterity. In some distant age, perhaps, the mouldering ruin of the ill-starred monster would be the first sight that confronted the philosophic New Zealander on the way to London Bridge, and would assist his meditations on the littleness of man and the sad fate of too adventurous shareholders.

All these pleasant prophecies are falsified. The *Great Eastern* has not been sacrificed to point a moral or adorn a tale. The party who assembled on her deck last Monday witnessed the first pulsation of her mighty heart. Her mechanism is pronounced complete, and is found to work with exquisite exactness. Both Houses of Parliament have witnessed the success of the experiment, and have eaten, and drunk, and made speeches over it; and so it may be regarded as unequivocal. A few days more, and the giant vessel will speed away on her trial trip, and dash half way or so across the Atlantic, just to assure herself of her powers, and stretch her limbs before she settles down to the long journeys in which her existence is thenceforward to be employed. She carries with her, not merely, like a fresh colony, the first elements of society, but all the means and appliances of the most advanced civilization. The happy passengers will breathe an atmosphere of refined luxury. They will wander in splendid saloons and spacious corridors, with champagne and ice, gas-chandeliers, and electric telegraphs. The accounts of the vessel's commissariat are downright irresistible. Spirited

bons vivants will, we expect, go to sea in her from sheer greediness, trusting to the sea air for a good appetite, and to the purveyors of the vessel for the most admirable opportunities of indulging it. The managers have acted wisely. Could anything be conceived more terrific than the aggregate ill-humour of 10,000 badly fed Englishmen, all resolved to make the worst of a poor dinner, and necessarily destitute of every employment but that of grumbling?

As Lord Stanley said, such a population ought to return a member to Parliament. Then how is the Church to be represented? What is to be the State creed of the floating province? The theological requirements of 10,000 people are no trifle. Mere chaplains could not possibly meet the emergency. There ought to be a cathedral establishment, with a dean and chapter and a strong staff of working clergy. There is room for two or three sects at the least. No doubt each denomination would by degrees locate itself in some particular region of the vessel, and so every part of her would become associated with some religious dogma. The Established Church would, of course, take possession of the state saloon and all the most comfortable sofas. Jumpraw will practice their rites on the quarter-deck; while, for the sake of peace, any Howlers that came on board might be relegated to distant parts of the rigging. Then, to make the thing complete, there should be a percentage of pickpockets, with here and there a sturdy criminal — a few bustling agitators to defend the interests of the vessel's middle class — and some good philanthropic people to look after its "masses." At any rate there must, among other luxuries, be something to correspond to a fashionable chapel. Religion always marches in the van of civilization; and we should be sorry if the pulpit interest were not properly represented in the first voyage of the *Great Eastern*. Our popular preachers must be a good deal exhausted with the fatigues of the season, and this would be an admirable occasion for recruiting their powers. The fair shepherdesses of the Surrey Hall would surely trust their *Lycidas* to the dangerous element, where he would be so well guarded and catered for as here. Mr. Bellew should preach on deck, so as to improve the occasion by opportune references to marine life and scenery. About Dr. Cumming there might be some difficulty. Sailors are superstitious people, and on the principle that

Vetabo, qui Cereris sacra
Vulgariit arcane, sub isdem
Sit trubibus —

they might object to a fellow-voyager who displayed so uncanny familiarity with the other world, and who publishes interpretations of prophecy for the million.

Henceforward a voyage will lose half its characteristics. The rising generation will miss an important moral training of which their fathers had the benefit. Till now, going to sea shook a man out of his conventionalism. People got startled into being natural. British shyness broke down amid the confusion, the crowding, the "clamorque virum stridorque rudentum" that necessarily formed part of the proceedings. A man could not well be dignified and ceremonious when every lurch of the vessel threw him into some absurd attitude, when life was one long scramble, every meal a disorderly pie-nie, and the good wholesome possibility of being drowned was constantly before his eyes. So people got jostled together, saw something of each others' real characters, warmed into real familiarity or genuine hatred, and at any rate broke through that formal, meaningless sort of behaviour which often makes life so dull an affair. But now all this is at an end. In the *Great Eastern*, people will, no doubt, be just as stiff and solemn, and give themselves just as great airs, as if they were safe ashore. Life will flow on in its accustomed track — men will wear frock-coats and hats, and be obliged to dress in the evening. There will be "at homes" and afternoon teas, and all the incidents of the London Season. The State Saloon will, of course, cut all the other cabins, each of which in turn will extend the same courtesy to all its inferiors. It will be considered bad taste to allude to the wind, or to say anything that could recall the fact of being at sea. To the passengers in the *Great Eastern* the weather will be about as interesting as it is to the inhabitants of Brighton. They will ignore the external world. Tempests may be raging without, three-deckers be foundering in the distance, the sea may flatter itself that it is running mountains high, but within doors all will be peace. No rude gust will penetrate to the State Saloon. Everything will be calm, graceful, monotonous. Sleek servants will be gliding about upon their behests of comfort or ceremony — calls will be exchanged, flirtations will progress, bons mots will be achieved, still hock and *pâté de foie gras* will be consumed, civilization will be at its height; baffled Ocean will no doubt confess its inferiority, and the Demon of the Storm return to vasty Tartar back, and confess that, for once, man has fairly beaten him.

There is one noticeable point about the *Great Eastern*, to which the builder drew attention in his speech. Her size is the only novelty about her. From beginning to end, there is nothing which has not been elsewhere tested. No pet theory or crotchet of the builder has found place in her. She is a vast aggregate of ascertained results — the sum total of man's achievements in this direction, written in a gigantic character. One can well understand the enthusiasm with which Lord Stanley spoke of the undertaking, and of its probable results. A scheme which is to bring us within thirty-three days of Calcutta, and to make us independent of the Overland route, goes at once far to meet

several of the gravest difficulties of Indian politics; and Messrs. Brunel and Scott Russell are to be congratulated on the successful completion of a task so creditable to their skill and resolution, and so likely to prove of enormous national importance.

LAY SERMONS FROM JUDGES AND MAGISTRATES.

WE lately had occasion to censure the practice—a growing one—of extra-judicial talk and an incontinence of small morality and sermonizing from the Bench. It infects our tribunals of justice from their highest to their lowest seats. It descends from the Chief Justice—even “that most distinguished one who once wore the gold chain of the Queen’s Bench,” and who has now crowned his octogenarian honours by “grasping the Great Seal of England,” as Serjeant Shee superbly describes John, Lord Campbell—down to the gentlemen who administer jokes and justice at the police courts. A remarkable case has recently been tried at Warwick, in which Lord Campbell, the late Chief Justice, was substantially, though not personally, indicted for libel, and in which the defendant, a Mr. Edwards-Wood—who really only retailed and repeated Lord Campbell’s libel—has been amerced in the terrible damages of 750*l.* The action referred to was brought by a solicitor, Mr. Wallington, to rehabilitate his professional character and his professional conduct in connexion with a previous suit in which this same Mr. Edwards-Wood was plaintiff, and in which Mr. Wallington, though not a party to the cause, vindicated, or endeavoured to vindicate, himself from a stigma cast upon him in the course of the trial for an alleged attempt at extortion by a vexatious arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Edwards-Wood. This was so distasteful to Lord Campbell that he publicly observed to poor Mr. Wallington—“Mr. Edwards-Wood has acted with perfect propriety in all he did; Mr. Wallington has disgraced himself and his profession. It is most disgraceful conduct. Sir, you have disgraced yourself; you are a disgrace; stand down, I can hear no more from you.” Four times, with a damnable iteration, did Lord Campbell pronounce Mr. Wallington disgraced. Abstract and concrete disgrace was predicated of the poor solicitor by the eloquent verbosity of the great gold-chained Chief Justice. And Mr. Edwards-Wood not unnaturally, not having any love to Mr. Wallington, repeated in print Lord Campbell’s quadruple vituperation; and for this published libel Mr. Wallington brings his action. The result, embodied, as we have said, in the remarkable damages of 750*l.*, is the very reverse of Lord Campbell’s judgment. It turns out that Mr. Edwards-Wood had not acted with perfect propriety in all that he did; and, on the other hand, so far is Mr. Wallington from being “a disgrace,” and from having “disgraced himself and his profession,” it is found that he only acted with usual professional propriety in arresting a slippery, but substantial, insolvent, who had contrived to amass a large fortune, though he had not thought proper to relieve creditors under an old insolvency, who had been forced to put up with one shilling in the pound. As Chief Justice Erle remarked, “the case was most important to Mr. Wallington’s professional prospects.” That gentleman had triumphantly vindicated himself, and Mr. Edwards-Wood is mulcted in 750*l.* damages for a libel uttered by Lord Campbell. The time, then, has come, to use Serjeant Shee’s words, in which “a judge has misused the high position he occupies to destroy the character of a fellow-subject.” Of course, it is replied that Lord Campbell was misled, but this is no answer. The late Chief Justice misled himself. He was not called upon to pronounce any opinion about Mr. Wallington. But the inveterate itch of talking prevailed. There was an opportunity for bringing the galleries down with a cheer; the loquacious judge could not resist the opportunity; and the consequence is a judicial libel, and a moral obligation on his lordship’s part to pay Mr. Edwards-Wood’s 750*l.* damages.

A contemporary, in admiring upon another case in which another learned judge accompanied his sentence with a sermon, observed that there was much in the nigger’s request that he might not be visited with both preaching and flogging. We scarcely know which discipline is the severest—the cat-o'-nine-tails, or the scorpions of a judge’s indignant morality. If the indignation is wrong, we have seen what comes of it in Mr. Wallington’s case. If it is right, it is so much divine talk wasted. The criminal at the bar is either above or below the benefit intended. He takes the sermon as a matter of form, like the ermine cape; and as regards the public, they have other and better channels of ethical teaching. Besides which, the practice tends to confuse and disturb the general estimate of the judicial function. That function is administrative and ministerial, and its manner ought to be serene and passionless. When a judge harangues and vituperates *castigatque monetque*, we fail to distinguish between the advocate and the cold, lofty impersonation of law; and the only excuse for Bench sermons is the dear delight of doing a bit of *nisi prius* without a fee.

To come down from Lord Campbell, Chancellor and late Lord Chief Justice, to Mr. Hall and his mornings at Bow-street, is a deep descent. But here is a case in which the worthy magistrate’s infantine talk is likely to do harm. One of the London *gamins* was brought up for “throwing somersaults beside an omnibus, and soliciting coppers.” This was deemed an obstruction. Mr. Hall dismissed the complaint. The offence did not come within the clause of the Police Act, which

applied to local obstructions by carts, not living obstructions by boys. Probably Mr. Hall was right in his law; but he was not right in encouraging this preposterous nuisance, which he did by his talk. “I must say,” continued the worthy magistrate—“though it is difficult to perceive the moral or other obligation to say it—“I must say, they do it very cleverly. They display surprising agility. I have seen them spinning over and over like a wheel.” And then he went on, with evident relish, to describe the contortions of “the acrobat.” Yes, the man who tosses a globe on his feet and climbs the pole, the dancing monkey, too, and the Punch and Judy showman, and the *Fantocini*—all these evidently suit Mr. Hall’s simple tastes. He clearly relishes street gymnastics. He is the man who is ready with his shilling for that last and glorious feat when up goes the donkey. We do not quarrel with his personal taste. Some love apples, some love onions; and some perverted minds prefer street organs and howling beggars. Mr. Hall, like Lord Palmerston, contends for the glorious liberty of everybody indulging his own abnormal predilections. Mr. Hall is welcome to his young *Ixioms* “spinning over and over again like a wheel.” Very likely from admiration he will go on to imitation, and on the sly we shall some day see Mr. Hall tumbling alongside an omnibus and touching his cap for coppers, as the exercise is not only legal but very “clever” and “surprising.” But he ought to remember the force of his commendation. These words of genial appreciation will doubtless create an additional horde of street tumblers, and we expect shortly to see a posse of half-naked savages executing inconceivably disgusting gestures under the convoy of the police, and perhaps lettered under the patronage of Mr. Hall and the Bow-street Bench. All that we ask is, that Mr. Hall would be less exuberant in his commendations. It is not given to every man to relish acrobats with Mr. Hall’s keen delight. On the whole, there are tumblers and monkey-men enough. If it is no legal offence to make these exhibitions, it is a moral offence to encourage them.

Again, Mr. Selfe on a recent occasion declined to convict a woman charged with plucking flowers in a cemetery, because “she was a poor and ignorant woman. If you want a conviction, bring one who is not poor and ignorant.” Mr. Hall is not very wise in his gossip, but Mr. Selfe is mischievous. This is really very dangerous talk. If it is an offence to disfigure a cemetery or park by plucking flowers or breaking trees, the offence ought to be punished, whether the offender is rich or poor. It is, of course, a great wrong to have a law for the rich and a law for the poor—to let the rich go unpunished and send the poor to the scaffold. But the rule of equal justice must be rigidly construed. It is a mere encouragement to crime to say that the poor and ignorant ought not to be brought before a magistrate. Of course, Mr. Selfe did not mean this; but, unfortunately, he said it.

Here is another case. Four boys are charged with annoying the public by bathing in the canal at Forest Hill. The spot is a public one. It is only fifty yards from houses, and, as everybody knows, the neighbourhood is a crowded one, and “is frequented by ladies and gentlemen walking in the evening.” Mr. Secker, before whom the case was brought, dismissed it. He could not see the offence. Bathing was a necessary exercise; if ladies did not like it, they could walk somewhere else; and Mr. Secker concluded by “congratulating the boys on their cleanly and cool appearance, which had been no doubt brought about by their bath on the previous night.” Now, with all submission to Mr. Secker, we do think that bathing in a canal surrounded by houses is a public offence. Mr. Secker may like it for Mrs. Secker and the Misses Secker, if there are any such ladies; but we own that we do not relish public bathing in a public river or canal fifty yards from our windows, and we venture to remark that if Mr. Secker must talk—which there is no obligation for him to do—he would have done more wisely by giving a good word to the Baths and Wash-houses than by encouraging boys to bathe in public. For if boys, then men; and, amiable as is Mr. Secker’s sympathy with the bathers, he might have spared some for the poor inhabitant householders who handed in letters complaining of the nuisance. In all these cases there is the same common feature—impudent (we use the word etymologically) talk for the sake of talking, and getting up a newspaper reputation for liberality of a very one-sided sort.

REVIEWS.

MEMORIALS OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.*

WE are beginning to think that there is not very much of any value remaining to be published in the way of chronicles. There is doubtless a great deal in the way of letters and other State papers which it is desirable to give to the world, but not much, we fancy, in the way of formal narratives. The scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, before whose massive folios we are content to bend ourselves in reverence, knew, on the whole, what they were about. Nearly everything that was worth editing they have edited. Beside the *Scriptores Post Bedam* and the *Decem Scriptores*, the results of the present series

* *Historia Regis Henrici Septimi*, à Bernardo Andrea Tholosate scripta; necnon alia quadam ad eundem Regem spectantia. Edited by James Gairdner. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty’s Treasury. London: Longmans. 1853.

look very small indeed. To be sure, our predecessors had the pick—that is the unavoidable advantage of a start of two or three centuries. But it might be better to acknowledge the fact, and to act upon it. Many of our best chronicles want re-editing, which would be far better work than editing bad ones. The old editions are large and costly. The Historical Society published only a few, and their editions, if less large and costly than the others, are still neither small nor cheap. If you want to study early German history, M. Pertz will supply you not only with that magnificent collection which few can afford to buy, but with a selection of the most necessary writers, published in *Ueum Scholarum*, in a form within the reach of every scholar. If you want to study English history, you have no such help. Egihard, Witikind, and Lambert are more accessible than Henry of Huntingdon and Matthew Paris, or even than the comparatively accessible Florence and Malmesbury. Of the Saxon chronicle itself we are waiting for Mr. Thorpe's or Mr. Earle's edition. If it is not too late, we would call upon the Master of the Rolls and his coadjutors to go on editing letters and similar documents which are really valuable, but to leave off printing any more bad chronicles till we have practicable editions of the good ones.

The present volume illustrates our position. We have a chronicle, as we suppose it is to be called, of the most contemptible character, and a quantity of equally worthless French verse, bound up with certain State Papers which, if they have no other merit, will at least supply the place of *Joe Miller*. The book contains the Life and Annals of Henry VII., a Latin production of Bernard André, his Court poet, and *Les Douze Triomphes de Henri VII.*, a French poem attributed to the same author. These are mere panegyrics, about as dull and fulsome as can be imagined. But the volume also contains "Journals and Reports of Ambassadors," &c., which are quite another sort of thing. There are three Journals of Embassies by Roger Machado, which do not indeed give us much political information, but which are at least very curious narratives of visits to Spain and Britanny. Then come the two gems of the collection—"Report of Ambassadors touching the Queen of Naples," and "Report of Ambassadors touching the King of Arragon." The former of these is one of the most intensely ludicrous things that we ever saw. In 1505, after the death of Elizabeth of York, Henry betrothed himself of taking another wife. Joanna, "the young Queen of Naples," had some reputation for good looks, and still more, for well-filled coffers. To be sure, her former marriage had been rather an odd one, as she was the widow of her own nephew, of whom, it may be added, she is said to have caused the death, much in the same way as Henry's own daughter Mary caused that of Louis XII. Nevertheless, the King's Highness sent his trusty and well-beloved servants, Francis Marsin, James Braybroke, and John Stile, seemingly not as regularly accredited Envoys, but with instructions to inquire at once into all matters touching the political position of King Ferdinand and his realms, and also into every possible particular concerning the mind, body, and estate of Queen Joanna. They were—

To mark and note well the age and stature of the said young queen, and the features of her body, the favour of her visage, the clearness of her skin, the colours of her hair, to note well her eyes, brows, teeth, and lips, to mark well the fashion of her nose, specially to note her complexion, her arms, hands, fingers, neck, whether she have any sickness, deformity, or blemish, to mark her breasts and paps, whether they be big or small, and to mark whether there appear any hair about her lips or not.

Some inquiries are yet more particular:—

Item, that they endeavour them to speak with the said young queen fasting, and that she may tell unto them some matter at length, and to approach as near to her mouth as they honestly may, to the intent that they may feel the condition of her breath, whether it be sweet or not, and to mark at every time when they speak with her if they feel any savour of spices, rose-water, or musk by the breath of her mouth or not.

Item, to note the height of her stature, and to inquire whether she wear any slippers, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent they be not deceived in the very height and fashion of her; and if they may come to the sight of her slippers, then to note the fashion of her foot.

Whether Lord Malmesbury or Lord Clarendon ever gave a diplomatic agent such instructions as these will, we suppose, not be known till the Master of the Rolls of the beginning of the twenty-third century publishes the State Papers of the age of Victoria. But at any rate, Messrs. Marsin, Braybroke, and Stile seem to have done their work with great skill and success. Spanish costume stood in their way in some points. Neither the feet nor the hair of the young queen were so visible as could have been wished. They "could not come to any perfect knowledge of the height of the said queen," but after their judgment, "by the reason of the height of her slippers, whereof we have seen an example," she was "of no high stature, but of a middle stature." Queen Joanna was not painted; she had an amiable visage, somewhat round and fat; her skin was very fair and clear; her hair, as far as they could see, "seemed to be a brown hair of colour;" her eyes of a colour brown, somewhat greyish; her complexion very fair, sanguine, and clean; "her lips somewhat round and thick, according to the proportion of her visage, the which right well becometh the said queen." There was no hair about her lips, no savour of spices or waters, no bodily infirmity that could be heard of. "The fashion of her nose is a little rising in the midward, and a little coming or bowing towards the end, and she is much like nosed unto the queen her mother." If Spanish dress put some difficulties in the way, Court etiquette

gave also some advantages for research on other points. "The arms of the said queen be somewhat round and not very small, by what we could perceive when she putteth forth her hand when that we did kiss it." And again, "we saw the hands of the said queen bare at three sundry times, when we kissed her said hands, whereby we perceived the said queen to be right fair handed, and, according to her personage, they be somewhat fully and soft, and fair and clean skinned." One delicate point remains almost alone:—

The neck of the said queen is fully and comely, and not misshapen, nor very short nor long, but meetly, after the proportion of her personage; but her neck seemeth for to be the shorter, because that her breasts be fully and somewhat big.

The said queen's breasts be somewhat great and fully, and inasmuch as they were trussed somewhat high, after the manner of the country, the which casteth her grace to seem much the fulier, and her neck to be the shorter.

But there was yet another question at least as important in the eyes of Henry VII. as anything about hands, lips, or noses:—

Item, the said King's servants, by the wisest ways that they can use, shall make inquisition and enquire what land or livelihood the said young Queen hath or shall have after the decease of her mother, either by the title of jointure or otherwise, in the realm of Naples, or in any other place or country, what is the yearly value thereof, and whether she shall have the same to her and heirs for ever, or else during her life only; and to know the specialties of the title and value thereof in every behalf as near as they can.

Queen Joanna, it seems, was like the Irish gentlemen who had great estates, if only they could get them:—

The old King Don Ferdinand of Naples granted and gave unto the old queen xl. m. ducats of yearly rent unto her and her heirs for evermore, the which lands and rents be part within the realm of Naples and the Poylya [Apulia, La Pouille] and part in Sicily. Also the said old King Don Ferdinand gave and granted unto the young queen, his daughter, xxx m. ducats of yearly rent within the realm of Naples and the Poylya, for to have unto her and her heirs for evermore.

So were the envoys told at Valencia, by one "Martyn de Albistur, master of a ship, the which many years had continued in the service and wars of the King Don Ferdinand of Naples, and knew right much the demeanour and estate of the said Don Ferdinand and his realm." But those were days of revolution and conquest in the realm of Naples and the Poylya, and it might well be doubted whether the will of the old King Don Ferdinand was now of any force at all. Charles the Eighth had been and gone. Old Ferdinand, Alfonso his son, young Ferdinand his grandson, had all reigned and died. Don Frederick had been expelled by the treacherous conspiracy of the Catholic Ferdinand and the Most Christian Lewis, and the Spanish robber had finally cheated his French accomplice out of his share of the spoil. Would, then, Ferdinand of Arragon and Castile carry out the will of "the old King Don Ferdinand?" As Dr. Lingard says, "the reigning king had refused to fulfil the testament of his predecessor"—a somewhat euphemistic way of describing one of the vilest pieces of aggression and swindling on record. The English envoys first fall in with one "Pastorell, the which is apothecary unto the said queens, and he is a Neapolitan, and hath long continued in the service of the said ladies." According to his version, the seventy thousand yearly ducats sink into forty-two thousand, eighteen for the old queen, and twenty-four for the young. But worse news was still in store, news which made King Henry think very little for the future as to the clearness of Joanna's skin, or the sweetness of her breath. What was the force of old Don Ferdinand's will against the will of the living and conquering Don Ferdinand? A sister and a niece were not to be left in utter beggary; but what was allowed them could only proceed from the free alms of their kind brother and uncle:—

And further, the said Alibisher and the said Pastorell sayeth, that since the realm of Naples came and hath been in the King of Castile's hands, that the said queens never received no rents nor profits of the realm of Naples, for the great captain there, Gonsola Ferdinand, doth receive it by the commandment of the King of Castile, and therewith he doth pay the men-of-war in these parts; and so the said King of Castile pays and gives unto the said queens xv or xvi m. ducats yearly out of his coffers for their expenses and maintaining of their estates.

After this last piece of information we do not hear that any more questions were put.

We have dwelt upon this wonderful courtship at some length, to show that some real fun may be dug out of these musty old records. We are not sure that Mr. Gairdner is aware of the fact, as he deals with these "very interesting documents" in the most solemn way possible. And we are quite sure that he is not well up in the history of these old and young queens. In the index we find "Alfonso the Magnanimous, King of Naples, brief reigns of his successors, 107." The passage in p. 107 is as follows in Bernard André's *Annals*—"Post Magnum illum Alfunsum tres sue stirpis reges tribus dumtaxat annis cum dimidis brevissime eccliderunt; quorum ultimus Don Fredericus in Francia obiit mortem inglorius." We have no doubt that Mr. Gairdner thought—as probably any one who had not read the history would think—that the whole reigns of three kings were included in the three years and a half. The fact is nothing of the kind, and yet Bernard André's statement is literally true. As Sismondi says: "Le trône de Naples, en trois ans, avoit été occupé par cinq rois; en effet, Ferdinand I., Alfonse II., Charles VIII., Ferdinand II. et Frédéric, s'étoient succédé sur ce trône avec une rapidité qui

avoit ajouté aux calamités du royaume, déjà désolé par une guerre cruelle." Of Sismondi's five kings, four are of the race of "Magnus ille Alfusus;" and of the three first, it might be truly said, that they "fell" within the three years and a half. Bernard, however, rather confuses himself by using the word "quorum," as Frederick, whose fall was delayed four or five years longer, cannot count among the three. But Mr. Gairdner failed to observe, that though the end of "the old King Don Ferdinando" came within the three years and a half, his beginning did not. Bernard does not say that his reign was short, and in truth it was rather long, reaching from 1458 to 1494. This sort of slip, combined with a general heaviness, makes us look with a little doubt on Mr. Gairdner. But he has done nothing very monstrous. We cannot say that we have learned much from his dissertation on Perkin Warbeck; and he values, as perhaps an editor is bound to do, Bernard André's production rather higher than we do. But this is all, and in these days we may be thankful when things are no worse. At any rate, Henry of Richmond is not wrapped in a goat-skin, like Henry of Franconia. Mr. Gairdner does not, like Mr. Fergusson—we may add, like the *Times*—go out of his way to tell us that Charlemagne reigned at Paris; he does not, like Mr. Buckle, run away from poor old England and its civilization, to announce the quite new discovery that the Arabs conquered nearly the whole of India; nor does he, like Mr. Froude, triumphantly announce to the world his ignorance of the whereabouts of Lexovia. On the whole, perhaps a plodder who admires Bernard André does less harm than a philosopher who picks out Geoffrey of Monmouth, as the type of a mediæval historian. Our laugh in the present volume has been not against Mr. Gairdner but against King Henry, and we are certainly very much obliged to him for giving us the opportunity of such hearty merriment as has been supplied us by Queen Joanna's round arms and plundered ducats.

BALTHAZAR.*

THE great French novelists have a very questionable reputation in this country, and it is impossible to deny that many of their writings are not to be justified on any principle, whilst few could be recommended to those who read for mere amusement. Our English conception of a novel, as a sort of moral anodyne, more or less harmless according to circumstances, implies that novelists should confine themselves to a low range of thought, and should abstain from any *bond fide* attempt to investigate the great problems of life. One large class of English writers of fiction have acquiesced in this view, though most of them have feebly protested against it by working up their wares into shapes claiming to be moral, and appending to them fragmentary opinions upon the various subjects of the day. It would be hard to mention a single modern English novelist of eminence who has written either as an artist or as a philosopher. They mostly write in the spirit either of pamphleteers, or of tradesmen whose chief object is to sell their goods, but who have no objection to put in their shop-windows placards about charity sermons. Fielding and Godwin took a very different view of their vocation, but their representatives in the present day are principally excited young gentlemen and ladies, who, as soon as they have had any little bit of experience which strikes them as picturesque, throw it into the shape of a thin volume in large print, with a serio-comic title, and live prosaically for the rest of their lives. It is hardly too much to say that during the present century no man of a really high order of mind in this country has adopted novels as vehicle for the expression of any broad, deep, and really valuable views of the world. Sir Edward Lytton is more like an exception to this statement than any other writer whose name occurs to us, but the affectation and vanity which appear in all that he writes give him the air of a sort of charlatan. What he has to say would be extremely commonplace if it were put into plain language.

The case is otherwise in France. Several writers of real genius have, during the last generation, written novels there as in other periods they would have written poems. They have observed and reflected on men and things under the impression that the attainment of some truth upon social questions was not a mere dream, but an object which there might be a rational hope of attaining. They have framed conceptions of the world in which they lived with serious thought and labour, and have tried to give visible form to those conceptions with a genuine artistic enthusiasm for the work on which they were engaged. This raises them to a far higher position than the immense majority of English novelists, whose strength lies almost exclusively in the mechanical or satirical part of their work, and who have hardly shown in any single instance any real originality or depth of understanding. Of these writers, Balzac appears to us to have been far the most remarkable. His works furnish the most striking of all descriptions of contemporary French society. Whether it is as veracious as it is striking is another question; but the exuberant energy, the faith in the importance of his self-imposed task, and the passionate belief in the reality of every character and incident, are as clearly traceable in Balzac's writings as in the various biographies which describe the forms which these feelings assumed in his daily life. The

Comédie de la Vie Humaine, which it was the ambition of his life to finish, is the most singular agglomeration of tales that the prolific reign of Louis Philippe brought forth. In the author's own view, it was, we believe, a sort of companion to the *Divina Commedia*, and whatever our opinion upon this matter may be, it is certainly true that in mere intensity of imagination—in the power of making fictitious personages into realities for the mind which conceived them—no one has ever excelled Balzac, if any one has equalled him.

Parisian life in the nineteenth century neither was nor is a very edifying spectacle; and it is sufficiently obvious that a very accurate and lively description of it is hardly to be recommended *virginibus puerisque*. It is no easy matter to recommend to such readers any work which would give them a notion of the peculiarities of Balzac's style and mind, but *Balthazar* (of which a railway translation has just been published) is perhaps as good a one as could be mentioned, at least in one point of view. There is not a line in it which might not be read aloud to a whole ladies' school. The small amount of love-making which it does contain is conducted upon the most rigid principles. On the other hand, it is far from being one of Balzac's most remarkable works. It has the peculiar stamp which identifies all his writings, but a person who read it without any further acquaintance with them would naturally be disappointed. For the sake of any such readers, we will try to point out a few of the illustrations which it affords of the peculiar temper of his mind, which they might otherwise pass over unnoticed.

The story is the old one of a man who is so deeply devoted to science that he neglects all his affairs, reduces himself to want, breaks the heart of his wife, and all but ruins his family by the expense attending his scientific experiments. Balthazar is a rich Fleming, intensely fond of chemistry, and he indulges his taste till he reduces himself to absolute beggary. His wife dies of a broken heart; but one of his daughters—a very strong-minded girl—retrieves the family fortunes by good management, and does her best to keep her father straight. He, however, persists, and ultimately ruins himself again, and dies of a stroke of paralysis, vainly struggling to tell the secret which he has searched for so long, and which he only discovers at his last moment.

The first peculiarity about the story which merits the attention of readers accustomed to English novels, is the beauty and skill with which the plot is constructed. The tale is a very short one, but it extends over a period of more than twenty years. In almost any English novel the selection of so long a period would have made the story intolerably tedious, but it is not so with Balzac. The points in the history are hit off so neatly and naturally, their character and relation to each other are indicated so shortly and yet so emphatically, that we come to the end without surprise, yet without tedium. A distinct and different impression remains as to each part of the hero's life, from 1807 or 1808 to about 1830, yet nothing happens which in real life would be at all surprising or unnatural. It is easy to get incident, and it is easy to get sobriety. Mr. Reade can satisfy any reasonable demand for the one, and Mr. Thackeray can soon satiate us with the other; but to combine the two into a single homogeneous production is a wonderful triumph of art, and, so far as we are aware, no one has as yet accomplished it in this country.

Another point which deserves attention is the extraordinary reality of the characters represented. In an English novel there are usually one or two well-drawn personages who are the points of attraction. The rest of the book is too often mere rubbish. Balzac gives equal life to every person he represents, and in this there is no caricature. He does not fix, like Mr. Dickens, upon a grotesque name or a ridiculous habit and distort it by mere tricks of language into a sort of resemblance to a human being, but he enters into, and sympathizes with, every one whom he has occasion to mention. In his power of identifying himself with people in all classes of life and under all varieties of circumstances some English writers might at first sight appear to rival him. Mr. Thackeray will put into the mouth of grooms or housemaids phrases which could have come out of no other human mouths but he does not go deep into the character. No one can describe more graphically the manners and customs and the superficial part of the minds of all sorts and conditions of men, but there his power stops. Whether the person whom he describes is persevering or idle, what is the character of his understanding, what are his leading passions and the principles which really guide his conduct, are questions which Mr. Thackeray rarely, if ever, attempts to answer. Balzac enters into all these matters. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he knows the weak and strong points of the understanding of every personage—even the most unimportant—whom he brings upon the stage.

The most characteristic peculiarity of Balzac which is illustrated by the work before us is his intense delight in everything of the nature of business. The number of legal and commercial transactions which he describes in various parts of his works is incalculable. We cannot pretend to judge of the correctness of his various statements, but the minute circumstantial detail with which he gives the particulars of Balthazar's property, and of its management by his daughter, is only a specimen of a temper which is conspicuously displayed in every one of his books, so far as we are acquainted with them. Nothing can set in a more forcible light the intense reality

* *Balthazar*. By H. de Balzac. Translated by William Robson. London: Routledge. 1859.

which the incidents of his novels assumed in his mind. Not contented with the general statement that Balthazar ruined himself by his experiments, he specifies their expense, and the mode in which it had to be met. He counts his acceptances, describes the value of a wood which he had bought with his wife's fortune, and goes with great detail into the rights of the children after their mother's death to the realization and investment of her property. He calculates how much they would get for it at the then price of stock, and counts up, with the minuteness of an auctioneer, the value of the pictures, furniture, plate, and tulips in which part of the family fortune had been invested, and the amount which it realized when disposed of. No living Englishman has this extreme vividness of conception. Defoe and Swift possessed it, but they have left no successor. Nothing contributes so powerfully to the reality of novels; and in Balzac's case the union of this temper with great dramatic power produces an effect which can only be estimated by a careful study of his more remarkable works, though some notion of it may be derived from *Balthazar*.

THE SNOW FIELDS AND MONTE ROSA.*

ALPINE literature grows so fast upon us that we are forced to notice in a single article two books that have little in common except the region with which both are conversant—the great chain of the Pennine Alps. Mr. Coleman's work properly falls within the department of art rather than that of literature. The letter-press, spread out over less than fifty folio pages, difficult of access, is a mere attendant upon the series of chromolithographs that form the real object and merit of the work. The author may be congratulated upon a signal and well-merited success in overcoming the difficulty—long thought to be nearly an impossibility—of giving a vivid impression of the effects of the ice and snow-scenery of high mountains through any combination of colour and design. True it is that an adequate impression of that wonderful region cannot be obtained with our available materials. How can the mild phosphorescence of the snow when faintly illuminated at morning or evening twilight, or the glistening splendour of the full sun-light, be rendered, even faintly, by any magic of contrasted shade or colour? Feeling their own helplessness, artists, with hardly an exception, have renounced the attempt, and have been satisfied to throw into the background of their pictures a snow peak, or glacier, whose distant presence has been suggested, rather than portrayed, by the liberal use of white colour. It is not, however, true that in the upper region, even though no rock should pierce through the snow-field, the earth shows no colour but white gleaming in perpetual contrast to the deep blue of the overhanging sky. The colour of water in all its states is blue. Like almost everything else we know, when finely divided, and mixed with air, it becomes white; but it readily resumes its natural hue, and in the upper world, where hill and hollow, and even cliff and chasm, are fashioned out of frozen water, the real basis of colour is blue—just as in the living world lower down, where meadow and woodland succeed each other on the mountain slopes, green is the groundwork from which whatever other colour is seen detaches itself.

The great difficulty of representing the snow-fields of the Alps lay in the fact that no one had really seen them. Travellers have constantly reached them and traversed them, generally intent on other objects, or bewildered amid scenes from which all accustomed objects had disappeared; but until a man with an artist's eye, possessed of a strong sense of colour, and with the skill necessary to represent what he saw, devoted himself to this single pursuit so thoroughly as to become familiar with the varied aspects of the ice-region, it was hopeless to expect that any progress could be made towards reproducing them for others. This is what Mr. Coleman has done, and to this he owes such success as he has attained. As he justly pleads, the efforts of an artist who has gone through the labour and risk of frequent visits and prolonged sojourns in the upper snow region of the Alps, entitle him to sympathy for his success and to indulgence towards the partial failure to which his work must often be exposed. To stand with stiffening feet in the soft snow, while the sun, beating down with blinding force, and reflected from countless crystalline facets, inflames the eyes and blisters every exposed portion of the skin—or else, in less favourable weather, to resist the piercing winds, charged with fine *spiculae* of ice, that sweep over the plateaux of the High Alps, in spots many hours remote from rest and shelter, by a track swept by the *tourmente* and the avalanche—these are trials of courage and endurance that argue a genuine enthusiasm for the artist's chosen aim. This is surely a worthy one. This life of the High Alps, which is just now drawing to itself so large a number of active spirits among our countrymen and countrywomen, must have some special attraction of its own with which to reward its votaries. The Alpine Club cannot consist altogether of mere scramblers competing for the mountain tops as men do for the brush in the hunting field, nor yet of philosophers who climb only to observe a glass tube or a magnetic needle. If they do not impose upon the dwellers in the plain, there is a strange mysterious charm about the ice-world that, once felt, is almost

resistless. The mere sight of a snow mountain sets their nerves tingling, and they can have no rest till they find themselves once again in the actual presence of the perilous beauty that they worship. Part of the attraction for imaginative minds rests, no doubt, in the strangeness and mystery of a region that never can become common or like to the ordinary haunts of mankind. The hope of gaining some closer glimpse of the Veiled Figure of Nature is inducement enough to such minds; but irrespectively of that, the new aspect under which she is actually beheld has more than enough of its own peculiar grandeur and beauty to reward the labour of those who succeed in attaining to it.

The attempt to represent this special aspect of nature so as to give to those who may never behold it for themselves some notion of its real character, and to recall past impressions to those who cling to their recollections of the hours passed in the High Alps, is an undertaking well worth the pains that Mr. Coleman has bestowed upon it. He has done enough to show that diligent and obedient study of nature, even in her strangest aspects, is sure of its due reward; and where he has failed, the fault is often owing to some deviation from the true principles of art than to any insurmountable difficulty in execution, or to the defects of the medium by which his drawings have been reproduced for the public. Plates ii., iv., and ix., have struck us as peculiarly good. In others of the series the blue and greenish tints of the ice are not seldom exaggerated, and every now and then it is evident to a practised eye that a still closer attention to minute details of form and structure would have prevented some occasional deviations from perfect truth and accuracy.

The dedication, and various allusions in the work, show that Mr. Coleman counts himself amongst the disciples of Mr. Ruskin. If that energetic and eloquent, but capricious and despotic teacher shall succeed in sending forth other explorers such as Mr. Coleman to carry brush and pencil into regions hitherto deemed inaccessible, and shall direct them in their pilgrimage so as by their works to enlarge the bounds of our knowledge and enjoyment of nature, we shall feel a stronger and more practical sense of gratitude towards him than for those flights of eloquent denunciation wherein he defines with theological severity, and remorselessly consigns to perdition, every shade of art-heterodoxy—heterodoxy, as we all know, meaning everything that, on the day and hour when he writes, is not Mr. Ruskin's doxy. Whatever be the final result of his teaching, if he may justly claim to have inspired and guided the author of *Scenes from the Snow-fields*, all lovers of the High Alps must confess their obligations to him.

Mr. Coleman's narrative, as we have said, is spread out over large folio pages, so troublesome to read that few people now-a-days will be at the pains to attempt it. The more ambitious portion, modelled on the style of his teacher, does not seem to us very successful; but his account of his own explorations on the west side of Mont Blanc is interesting, if not to the general reader, at least to the large number of travellers that watch with attention every additional inroad upon the hitherto inaccessible portions of the Alpine chain. It forms a natural sequel to the paper by Mr. Hawkins, in the book of the Alpine Club, which gave so remarkable an illustration of the persevering determination that our countrymen bring to contend against the utmost combination of physical obstacles. Less unfortunate in respect to weather than his predecessors, Mr. Coleman was able to accomplish more. If printed in a cheap and portable form, his account might find many readers that it will assuredly miss in its present condition.

The "Lady" who has undertaken to guide her sister tourists round Monte Rosa has indicated the object of her work, and her resolve to keep the secret of her authorship, by a pretty device—an expanded rose, with the motto, "Sub rosa"—that shines in gold on the outside of the book. When we first saw the title-page, reciting the names of the very same valleys through which the Rev. Mr. King led us not many months ago, it seemed clear that the "Lady" had come too late, even for the purpose of conducting her own sex into districts where few of them have yet penetrated. Remembering that Mrs. King's share in her husband's tour was duly recorded, we thought that future lady-visitors to the southern valleys of the Pennine Alps need do no more than take her as guide and model, and would ask for little information beyond what was given to them in the older book. We now believe that this was a mistake; and if we should find our way this autumn into the beautiful recesses of the Val Sessia, or the Val Auzasca, we shall expect to meet many round hats, with bright eyes twinkling from beneath the brim, the owners of which will have hoisted this new red flag with the device, "Sub rosa."

It is no small recommendation to Alpine tourists that the new book is less than half the size and weight of its elder brother. Nearly all the learning that made Mr. King's book rich, but rather weighty, has been eschewed, and an account of three successive tours, by which on different sides Monte Rosa was approached by the fair writer, is given in a plain and unpretending way, which does not disappoint, because it does not raise expectation. The only material blemish in the plan of the book is the strict adherence to historical accuracy which has made the writer think it necessary to take her readers again over the same ground whenever she has visited a place more than once in the course of her repeated journeys. Her book would be much improved by an alteration in this respect, which we hope to see effected in a

* *Scenes from the Snow Fields*. By E. T. Coleman. London: Longmans.

A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa. London: Longmans.

second edition. It may be too late to suggest a further piece of retrenchment, but we take the occasion to suggest to all future writers of Alpine Tours that the time has come when they may safely omit descriptions of places lying in the beaten tracks of Alpine travel. There is no more occasion to enter upon a detailed account of the passes of the Grimsel, the Gemmi, or the St. Bernard, than to describe the harbour at Ostend or the Strasbourg railway. However great the charm may be that attaches to the old frequented passes of the Alps, they are now too familiar for ordinary writers. We speak not of course of the few who have the gift of adorning with new interest the place or the subject that they please to touch with their pen. For others, it is more judicious to keep to ground where they have the advantage of possessing information not shared by most of their readers. Such is fortunately the case in regard to the greater portion of the *Lady's Tour*, and she has thus been enabled to produce a very readable and agreeable account of excursions successfully accomplished in the midst of the grandest scenery of the Alps—scenery which, by the verdict of competent judges, is not surpassed amongst the loftiest mountains of the Himalayan chain.

The number of errors in topography in this book is remarkably small. May we venture to suspect that the aid of the coarser and more matter-of-fact sex has been invoked by the authoress? Perhaps that fortunate member of the Alpine Club who allowed himself to be drawn away by agreeable society from his proper place among the peaks of Monte Rosa, along the easy paths in the valleys at its foot, and whose doings are admiringly recorded in these pages, may have been called into council. One mistake, which has not surprised us, we notice the more readily, because it seems to be a standing delusion, passed on from travellers to guides, and from guides to travellers, and so become an admitted *Alpine fact*. It was long supposed that the Ortler Spitz was the highest summit of the Eastern Alps. Every traveller, therefore, who from some eminence in the Swiss or Piedmontese Alps descredes a distant chain of snowy summits in the direction between east and north-east, at once assumes that the highest point in that direction must be the Ortler. It is, however, now well known that this is not equal in height to several of the peaks in the Bernina group. When the writer of the *Lady's Tour* saw from the Monte Mazzucone, near Varallo, what she supposed to be the Bernina range—then, towering above this, the mountain which she recognised by its form as the Ortler Spitz (it should be *Spitze*)—and then again a still more distant snowy chain—we may be quite certain that the Ortler did not “tower above” the higher mountains that are thirty miles nearer to the point of view. The supposed Bernina was most probably the Monte delle Disgrazie, with the adjoining range; behind this rose the higher summits of the Bernina; and in the far distance, most probably, the range of the Adamello and Presenella, both nearly 12,000 English feet in height, and surrounded by vast glaciers. The coloured plates are taken apparently from some large and excellent drawings executed by Mr. George Barnard, which were shown last winter at the Royal Institution. We have our doubts whether, for illustrations on a small scale, the new art of chromo-lithography gives results as satisfactory as the now almost abandoned medium of steel engraving. When the object is to produce an impression of space and distance upon a few square inches of paper, delicacy of execution becomes the most important quality, and it seems very unlikely that this can be carried far in a process that involves the successive application of a considerable number of coloured stones.

HAMILTON'S METAPHYSICS.

Second Notice.

WE have seen, on a former occasion, the necessity of receiving with caution Sir W. Hamilton's reports of the statements of other writers, especially when they are cited in support of his favourite doctrines. But his fame does not rest on reproductions only. If the industry of his pupils was challenged by specimens of what diligence may retrieve from oblivion, their ambition was fired by not unfrequent announcement of truths

Won from the vast and formless infinite

by his own observation and thought. Perhaps the most tangible of these are the facts adverse to phrenology, which he long ago communicated to medical and other publications, and which are reprinted in an appendix to the Lectures. Gall had taken credit for the discovery that the cerebellum is the organ of the sexual passion, and supported the doctrine by asserting that it bears a much larger proportion to the brain proper in adults than in the young. By “an induction from an average of thirty-six brains and skulls of children, compared with an average of several hundred brains and skulls of adults,” Sir W. Hamilton satisfied himself that the brain reaches its full size about seven years of age. “If it be not so, then am I a deliberate deceiver.” After this, we can ask but one question:—Why does the man need a larger hat than the child? The answer is, that “the greater development of bones, muscles, and hair renders the adult head considerably larger than that of the child at seven.” Another inquirer tried to refute this by another induction and table of brains. But the Professor detected that the difference of sex had been overlooked, or, as he phrases it, in triumphant scorn of

his adversary—and, for once, in round Saxon—“he lumps the male and female brains together!”

As another instance of the value of independent observation, he notices that, whereas he found a common fowl's brain to be to its body as 1 to 500, some twenty physiologists, including Cuvier, had followed each other in making it as 1 to 25, owing to an original mismeasurement by one-half, and a subsequent loss of a cypher. Such is the “sequacity” of anatomical authors. Yet, on the agreeable subject of maggots breeding in the frontal sinus, or cavity of the human forehead, Sir W. Hamilton thought it worth while, after an affected apology for his medical ignorance, to give a list of seventy-five writers who have discussed the matter, including “Olaus Wormius, who himself ejected a worm from the nose, Smetius, who relates his own case,” &c. The import of this passage, which it would be unpleasant to quote, is to show the absurdity of phrenologists in ranging seventeen of the smallest organs, “like peas in a pod,” along that part of the head where there is an empty space within, such that “no one can predict from external observation, whether it shall be a lodging scanty for a fly, or roomy for a mouse.”

Nor were his experiments confined to probing the foreheads of the dead, or “weighing the brain of a young and healthy convict, who was hanged, and afterwards weighing the sand which his prepared cranium contained.” His own person was not spared. To test the association of ideas, he made his friends repeatedly wake him when dozing off in an arm-chair—a self-sacrifice which those who indulge that habit will appreciate. To try whether the mind is always active, he caused himself to be roused at different seasons of the night, and had the satisfaction of finding that he was always in the middle of a dream. To determine how many objects at once the mind can distinctly survey, he set himself to attend to marbles on the floor, and by an effort took in seven at most, beating Abraham Tucker by three, Degerando by two, and Bonnet and Destutt Tracy by one. Perhaps his most remarkable discovery of this kind is a law of mind which he has thus enunciated:—

Knowledge and feeling, *perception* and *sensation*, though always co-existent, are always in the inverse ratio of each other. Thus, in sight there is more perception, less sensation; in smell there is more sensation, less perception. In the finger-points tactile perception is at its height; but there is hardly another part of the body in which sensation is not more acute.

Sir W. Hamilton was not aware that this law had been announced and referred to its cause (the passive nature of sensation and active nature of perception) by De Biran, now nearly half a century ago. The editors point out that it had also been stated by Kant. With what qualifications it is true of the sense of touch, is examined in the notes to Reid. Here again, with his usual zeal, Sir W. Hamilton seems to have tried upon various parts of his own body the effect of “pressure with a subacute point” and of “puncture.” The latter, in seeming contradiction to the law, produced most pain in the tongue and finger, where perception is also the highest. But an explanation was soon ready. Either nerves of feeling lie beneath the nerves of touch, or the same nerves “commence their energy as feeling only at the pitch where their energy as touch concludes.” At any rate, he was reassured by finding that, in proportion to the soreness of the tongue or the finger under such treatment, it is incapacitated for the time as an organ of external touch.

Faithful to the Scottish tradition, Sir W. Hamilton devoted a disproportionate part of his lectures on metaphysics to these preliminary discussions. The part, however, of his philosophy which has attracted most attention of late bears on higher questions. Here also he claimed the merit of originality. In order to understand the claim it is necessary to examine his relation to previous writers. Systems of philosophy in general rise out of the chaos of scepticism. Those which Sir W. Hamilton follows began from Hume. After examining Hume's treatise on *Human Nature* (1739), Reid “first thought of calling in question the principles commonly received with regard to the human understanding,” and Kant “was first roused from his dogmatic slumber.” The results were Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense* (1764), and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781). The two answers, though taking somewhat the same ground, were as different in tone as in title. It remained for Sir W. Hamilton to combine them, inheriting from Reid the “appeal to common sense,” the germ of “natural realism,” and the general substance of his philosophy—from Kant, the rigorous demonstration that “a knowledge of the unconditioned is impossible,” the subtle “analysis of time and space into conditions of thought,” and, in general, the “critical” as contrasted with the inductive method. But Reid's common sense is not more strangely transfigured by the cloudy technicalities of German criticism than Kant's transcendental idealism is reduced by the narrow dimensions of Scottish common sense. Reid escapes with occasional accusations—and some proofs—of ignorance, confusion, obscurity, implicit absurdity, suicidal contradiction of his own great doctrine of perception. Kant is charged with having founded, on the presumed falsity of one primary belief—natural realism—a philosophy of which “the worst and most pervading scepticism is the melancholy result.”

As the same matter is made a ground of accusation against both his predecessors, and will also furnish an illustration of his general principles, it may be worth while to examine what was Sir W. Hamilton's doctrine of natural realism. But first, it must be premised that he takes as the foundation of all philo-

sophy "the reality and the veracity of consciousness." The former, he says, has never been doubted—the latter, avowedly, by no philosopher :—

Even the Sceptic can only attempt to show, on the hypothesis of the Dogmatist, that consciousness, as at variance with itself, is therefore *on that hypothesis* mendacious. Consciousness is the Bible of philosophers. Differences arise in its exposition, which ought to follow three laws :—

The law of Parcimony—that no fact be assumed as a fact of consciousness but what is ultimate and simple; the law of Integrity—that the whole facts be taken without reserve or hesitation, whether given as constituent or as regulative data; the law of Harmony—that nothing but the facts of consciousness be taken, or inferences of reasoning only as deduced from and subordinate to the immediate data.

On this explanation it may be remarked, first, that "facts of consciousness" seems an ill-chosen name for these elements of thought. Are there not compound as well as simple facts of consciousness? As water is not less a fact of nature because it is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, why should perception cease to be a "fact of consciousness" because it can be resolved into sensation and reflection? Secondly, the test of a fact of consciousness, we are told, was rightly given by Kant. It must be universal and necessary. To grant the sufficiency of this test, is at once to throw overboard the "law of Parcimony," for in mind, as in matter, a constituent may be "universal and necessary" in a given department without being "ultimate and simple;" while, if we reject what is limited to a department, the apprehension of space itself is not a fact of consciousness. But granting the sufficiency of the test, a fresh difficulty arises in its application; for men are far from agreeing as to what is universal and necessary, especially when the universality and the necessity derived from uniform experience are held spurious as compared with those which are supposed to have origin in the nature of the mind. We should be sorry to follow the example of modern orthodoxy, by pressing the sceptical argument from diversities of rational conviction. But what are we to do? Is the belief that two straight lines cannot include a space necessary and universal from experience, or from the nature of the human mind? The controversy has descended from old times to Mr. Mill and Dr. Whewell in our days, *et adhuc sub judice lis est.* Is the conviction that the sum total of existence can neither be increased nor diminished a (negative) fact of consciousness? Sir W. Hamilton says Yes. Mr. Mansel says No. Is the very knowledge of our own existence a positive fact of consciousness? Hume, Kant, and Hamilton say No. Mr. Mansel says Yes. When disciple and master cannot agree, their doctrine is in danger. But so it is with Sir W. Hamilton and his editor on the "facts of consciousness;" and so it is with Reid and his editor on the nature of Perception. On this matter Sir W. Hamilton has appealed to the public. To the public he shall go :—

What is meant by the external object perceived? Nothing can be conceived more ridiculous than the opinion of philosophers in regard to this. For example, it has been curiously held (and Reid is no exception) that in looking at the sun, moon, or any other object of sight, we are, on the one doctrine, actually conscious of these distant objects; or, on the other, that these distant objects are those really represented in the mind. Nothing can be more absurd: we perceive, through no sense, aught external, but what is in immediate relation and in immediate contact with its organ. . . . So far from Dr. Reid being philosophically correct when he says that "when ten men look at the sun or the moon, they all see the same individual object," the truth is, that each person sees a different object, because each sees a different complement of rays in relation to his individual organ. In fact, if we look alternately with each, we have a different object in our right, and a different object in our left eye. It is not by perception, but by a process of reasoning, that we connect the objects of sense with existences beyond the sphere of immediate knowledge. It is enough that perception affords us the knowledge of the non-ego at the point of sense.

If there be propriety in this language, we ought to say that we see two objects when we look with both eyes at once, and that we hear two objects when we hear with both ears. Also, that we are conscious, in the latter case, either of two waves of air, or of two changes in our nerves (we cannot tell which is "the non-ego at the point of sense") which by a process of reasoning we connect with (say) a servant announcing dinner. Whether this be more correct than to say that we hear his voice, causing in our minds the sensation of sound through an organic mechanism which we cannot wholly explain, let consciousness decide. The former is Hamilton's Natural Realism, the latter is more like Reid's Direct Perception.

But to leave this instance. Philosophy is founded on the simple facts of consciousness, tested by their universality and necessity. Kant and Reid had both made use of these tests. But Sir W. Hamilton was not satisfied either by Reid's enumeration or by Kant's deduction of these primary truths. In place of both he substituted his own "Conditions of the Thinkable systematized, or Alphabet of Human Thought." This table (Discussions p. 577) enfolds the whole Philosophy of the Conditioned. It is at once the most curious and the most important product of the union in one logical mind of the philosophies of Reid and of Kant.

In taking stock of the forms of the mind, Kant had assigned to the Reason three—viz., the ideas of the soul, of the universe, and of God. But he had also shown that from these ideas may be obtained logically four pairs of contradictory propositions, which he named Antinomies of the Pure Reason. Here, then, was a dilemma for Sir W. Hamilton. Logic said, Contradictories cannot both be true. Common sense said, Assertions of consciousness are all true. Kant said, the ideas of the soul, of the world, of God, give contradictory assertions of consciousness.

Kant must be wrong. But, if we have such ideas, is there any flaw in Kant's proof that they involve contradictions? None. Have we then no such ideas? Sir W. Hamilton's answer was—*Distinguo.* We have not, and yet we have. We have no positive ideas of the soul, of the world, of God. We have negative ideas of them, which properly are no ideas at all. In human thought the soul, the world, God, are nothing. But we cannot say that they are absolutely nothing. Otherwise we make the capacity of thought the measure of existence. Hence the alphabet of thought.

Thought is either—
a. Negative, of { I. Pure Nothing,
Or— { II. Nothing Thinkable,
b. Positive, of { III. Something, &c.

The third division—the domain of human understanding—is elaborately subdivided. In the second are placed the ideas which Kant gave to the Reason. And "Reason is only the Understanding which has overleaped itself." Fond of all tabular views to such a degree that, in discussing Pleasure, he says, "there is hardly a more pleasing object than a tabular conspectus of any complex whole," Sir W. Hamilton regarded this alphabet with peculiar complacency. "If I have done anything meritorious in philosophy," he says, "it is in the attempt to explain the phenomena of these contradictions." In his explanation, the first difficulty is the oddity of the name, whether in Latin or in English—*Nihil Cogitabile*, nothing thinkable. It seems as if what is really meant must be *aliquid non cogitabile*, something inconceivable. Perhaps, however, this would be too substantial a name for the shadowy no-ideas which we have of the soul, the world, and God. The next difficulty is of an opposite kind. It may be asked, why do we suppose that the second division of the alphabet has any contents at all? In other words, why do we suppose that "there are more things in heaven and earth," not "than are dreamt of in our philosophy," but than can come within its waking vision? According to Sir W. Hamilton, there is no lack of such nothings:—

I lay it down as a law which, though not generalized by philosophers, can be easily proved true by its application to the phenomena, that all that is conceivable in thought lies between two extremes, which, as contradictory of each other, cannot both be true, but of which, as mutual contradictories, one must.

For example, we are under a positive necessity of thinking that space exists. We are under a positive necessity of believing that it is either bounded or not bounded. Yet we cannot positively conceive either. Therefore we must negatively conceive one space absolutely bounded, another space absolutely unbounded. One is pure nothing, the other is "nothing thinkable." Which is which no one can tell; for to human thought both are alike impossible, but by the law of contradiction, one or the other must go to people Sir W. Hamilton's category of *nihil cogitabile*. So also with Time. These are given as mere specimens of a general law; but till we see any third independent example from the whole range of "all that is conceivable in thought" (and especially one not taken from quantity), we prefer the simpler creed, that our knowledge is on every side bounded by our ignorance, to the grand law of Polar Inconceivables.

It is interesting, however, to see its most general application. "Of the essential causes of philosophy there are in all two; the one is the necessity we feel to connect causes with effects, the other to carry up our knowledge into unity." Whence do these necessities arise, and whither do they tend? Of the first necessity there were seven theories. The new philosophy supplies an eighth, cheaper than any of the seven, and therefore, by the law of Parcimony, to be preferred. "It analyses the mental law of Causality into the mental law of the Conditioned." We cannot conceive an absolute beginning or an absolute end of existence. We find a seeming commencement and a seeming end. Ice ends and water begins. Water ends and steam begins. But nothing begins, unless something else ends—nothing ends, unless something else begins. What ends we call the cause, what begins the effect. And though in many cases we cannot tell what ends when something begins, yet, if we think at all, we must think that something ends; in other words, that there is some cause. Else we should think of an absolute beginning, which is "nothing thinkable."

Mr. Mansel, who as editor modestly abstains from any comment, has elsewhere (*Encycl. Brit.* eighth ed.; art. Metaphysics) criticised this theory. It is an instance of the crudeness of Sir W. Hamilton's doctrines in metaphysics properly so called. He does not show that there is less difficulty in conceiving the absolute commencement of an appearance than of a substance. Yet this difficulty led the Eleatics, more than two thousand years ago, instead of accounting for change by causation, to cut the knot by denying that any rational account can be given of change. Greek philosophy, which Sir W. Hamilton seems to have studied less than that of the Middle Ages, furnishes curious parallels to modern speculations. "Nothing absolute exists; if it existed it could not be known; if known it could not be imparted to another." Alter the first clause, and we have the very thesis of the Philosophy of the Conditioned, and of the Bampton Lectures. Yet the words are those of a sceptical rhetorician of Sicily. Consistently enough, Sir W. Hamilton admits that the arguments of the Eleatic Zeno "show that the possibility of motion, however certain as a fact, cannot be conceived possible, as it involves a contradiction." After this we begin to dread the remaining two volumes of lectures. A logic, under which the

possibility of motion cannot be conceived possible, is not logic for the days of railroads and rifles.

The all-important question about every theory of causation is whether it leaves unharmed the practical belief in free will and responsibility for our actions. Of this much-debated question the common-sense method makes short work. All that consciousness asserts is true. Consciousness asserts that the will is free, therefore the will is free. But how does this agree with the philosophy of the conditioned—according to which, a free act being an absolute commencement, “we are unable to conceive the possibility of the fact of liberty”—and specially with the cheap theory of the causal judgment, according to which we must think of will as an effect—that is, as not free. This looks very like “a contradiction in consciousness.” To adjust the difficulty, “the causal judgment,” remembering its negative origin from an impotence of the mind, bows and retires in deference to the positive assertion. But surely it is awkward to let one of “the two essential causes of philosophy” humble itself after this fashion. Sir W. Hamilton has quoted elsewhere the maxim, “false in one thing, false in all.” But, by his own showing, either the causal judgment in this instance asserts what is false, and succeeds in deceiving thinkers like Edwards, Chalmers, and Mill, or it asserts nothing without a reserved intention to back out of it on the first positive contradiction. In either case it is not a fit foundation for the temple of Truth, unless, like the author, we wish to be for ever reconstructing. It is bad enough to build on the sands of human thought at all, instead of on the eternal order of things, but it is worse to make a seeming corner-stone of a mere impotence of thought, cemented by a weak and provisional faith that it settles questions whenever we have no positive evidence to the contrary. As to the special paradox that free-will, though true, is inconceivable, we are glad to see that Mr. Mansel (*Prolegomena Logica*, p. 305) has traced the fallacy back to Hume’s denial (adopted by Sir W. Hamilton) of an immediate consciousness of self; and that he seems to transfer one at least of Kant’s three ideas from the shadowy realms of “nothing thinkable,” to the full blaze of what he technically calls “a presentative faculty.”

The other essential cause of philosophy, the desire of unity, is also partly ascribed to the imbecility of our faculties:—

We are lost in the multitude of objects presented to our observation, and it is only by assorting them in classes that we can reduce the infinity of nature to the finitude of mind. . . . Generalization is only the apprehension of the one in the many, and language little else than a registry of the factitious unities of thought.

We are glad to see, however, that Sir W. Hamilton gives, as a joint reason for this desire, the existence of a corresponding unity in the order of nature, and the ultimate dependence of all effects on one cause, the Creator. That he did not believe the human mind capable of any direct knowledge of this highest Unity is plain from the Alphabet of Thought. To examine its application to theology would be to review, not Sir W. Hamilton, but his editor and disciple, Mr. Mansel. It would be vain to criticise the few words of the former which remain:—

We must believe in the infinity of God; but the infinite God cannot by us, in the present limitation of our faculties, be comprehended or conceived. A Deity understood would be no Deity at all; and it is blasphemy to say that God only is as we are able to think Him to be. We know God according to the finitude of our faculties, but we believe much that we are incompetent properly to know. The Infinite, the infinite God, is what, to use the words of Pascal, is infinitely inconceivable. Faith—Belief—is the organ by which we apprehend what is beyond our knowledge.

On the nature of this organ, though it would seem properly to fall within the portion of his work which is most nearly complete, Sir W. Hamilton has left us nothing. This has made his philosophy popular among those who do not seek a reason for the faith that is in them. With pardonable confusion of thought, many of them have also welcomed the work of the disciple, who has included Faith itself in the demonstration that the spirit of man has no direct knowledge of the Infinite Spirit. How far the teaching of Sir W. Hamilton tended to such conclusions, is a chief question of Mr. Maurice’s new work, *What is Revelation?* in noticing which we may be led to a more general estimate of the Philosophy of the Conditioned.

A word in conclusion of the editors, Mr. Mansel and Mr. Veitch. Equally admirable in their effective diligence, and in their modest abstinence from unnecessary comment, they deserve thanks for their labour of love. Few have the learning shown in their notes—still fewer the discretion in using it. Mr. Mansel’s own works prove his competence to interpret, his discipular spirit marks him out to carry onward, the new Scottish Philosophy. None has earned a better right to bend the bow of Attila.

MRS. DUBERLY IN INDIA.*

MRS. DUBERLY, of Crimean fame, has gone through a great deal since the taking of Sebastopol. The 8th Hussars were ordered to India in the winter of 1857, and she accompanied her husband while his regiment traversed a considerable portion of Central India in pursuit of the mutineers. Her Indian achievements are briefly summed up in the concluding sentence of the volume in which she has recorded them:—“In our first

* *Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India during the Suppression of the Mutiny, 1857-1858.* By Mrs. Henry Duberly. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

year’s field service in India, that part of the brigade which was accompanied by my husband and myself passed only one European station, and marched, in spite of Indian sun and Indian rain, and in the toilsome pursuit of an ever-flying foe, a distance of 2028 miles, more than 1800 of which I have myself accomplished on horseback.” Whatever credit may be due to a woman who has held up longer than nine women out of ten could hold up, is clearly due to Mrs. Duberly. She was very ill and intensely wearied during the effort, and yet she would not give in, but endured to the end. She has therefore earned all the glory which attaches to a woman who performs a physical feat beyond the powers even of a large proportion of the male sex. But she herself rates the value of her performance much more highly than this. She complains that she never received a Crimean medal, although she was actually present at a battle. But the representative of an Indian Sovereign promised, that if any medals were given on his part for gallantry in the contest with the Indian rebels, she should have one. Mrs. Duberly asks us to observe how much more readily and nobly the Hindoo acknowledged and honoured “the fortitude of woman” than the English Government did. To the success of drawing-room notoriety she has long grown accustomed. She even resented the direct form in which this species of homage was paid her in India. “Which is Mrs. Duberly?” she heard one lady say to another at a great Bombay gathering. “There she is, on the sofa, in pink;” and the two ladies arranged themselves so as to have a good undisguised stare at her. To revenge herself, Mrs. Duberly gibbets them in her book. She does not care for the vulgar excitement of being pointed at as a remarkable person. She wishes for the tribute of reasoning admiration, and if she cannot get a Government medal for what she has done, she asks, at least, a recognition of her claims to public honour from English society.

We cannot agree with this estimate of her performances. We especially desire to avoid all appearance of attacking or commenting unfairly on a lady who displays many qualities that must command approbation. All the moral as well as physical virtues which enable a woman to ride two thousand miles in a climate where many women can scarcely ride two, she obviously possesses in a high degree. Then the numerous, if not very apposite, quotations she borrows from a wide range of popular authors show that she has cultivated her mind as well as her body; and the many kindnesses she received, and the kindly feeling she evinced in return, guarantee her amiability and her powers of pleasing. But her book raises a question of public interest, which she decides very confidently in her own favour, and this question is open to discussion without reflecting on her in any way. She thinks that for the wife of an officer to accompany him on a long and toilsome campaign, and into the actual horrors of war, is an act of positive virtue. We venture to dispute this. We will not say that in exceptional cases such an act may not be permissible. But we think that these cases must be very exceptional, and that the most that can be said is that such conduct is permissible. It may be remarked, in passing, that were it not for the light which it throws on this question, this volume would be scarcely readable. A record of Indian marches is in itself something so dull, even beyond the dulness of ordinary tours and ordinary personal narratives, that the pages of Mrs. Duberly would be weary work if it were not that our curiosity is excited to see whether anything she tells us can rebut the strong presumption that she would have been far better away altogether.

It must be remembered that Mrs. Duberly did not go in any charitable capacity. She was not a kind of mounted Miss Nightingale. She went simply as the companion of her husband. Whatever good she did, therefore, consisted in the pleasure and comfort which her husband received from her society. Her exact claim to public honour, if we understand it, is that she gave her husband the pleasure of her society under very difficult circumstances. Her services to her country lie in the proof she has given that the wife of a soldier, if she is courageous and determined, may do more for her husband than is generally supposed. But this can only be a good thing if the soldier’s wife does not impair his efficiency as a soldier. The probability is that she will impair it. Mrs. Duberly, although once or twice very ill, was just able to move with the regiment. But supposing she had not been able, what was her husband to have done? A father, accompanied by a son in a campaign, may stifle his parental feelings and leave a wounded son in the rear while he does his duty in front. But could a husband leave a wife? Has a soldier a right to expose himself to the conflict of such divided feelings as must rend his heart if he has to move in pursuit of an enemy while his wife is compelled to remain, without proper attendance, hundreds of miles away from an European station? Nor is it only the husband who will be exposed to embarrassment by the presence of a lady in the camp. Mrs. Duberly represents herself as having been often under fire. We cannot believe but that, however much his gallantry may have concealed it, the commanding-officer must have thought her at such moments a dreadful bore. It is well known how all generals hate civilians and amateur warriors, who will insist on going into danger to show they are not afraid, and who are always in the way. One lady must be as bad as twenty male civilians. As long as men have the sense of wishing to protect and help women in danger, a commander cannot avoid nervousness if he sees a lady under

fire; and he will need a very iron will if he really directs his manœuvres with as absolute a disregard of her safety as he would exhibit if it were only a man who occupied her place. Mrs. Duberly had good luck. She did not break down; and we cannot say that on any definite occasion she was demonstrably in the way. She is entitled to all the benefit which practical success always gives a controversialist. But the chances are very much against a woman holding up and keeping out of the way in an Indian campaign; and therefore the most we can say is, that the case of Mrs. Duberly is an exceptional one, and we cannot allow that she did anything worthy of praise or imitation. She exposed herself and many other persons to unnecessary risk and anxiety, and this evil cannot be overbalanced by any unexpected comfort she may have given her husband.

In one way Mrs. Duberly shows how lady campaigners may do positive harm. She criticises with the utmost license the orders given by the officer in command of the brigade to which her husband's regiment was attached. Her great grievance is that, after the capture of Kotah, the cavalry were not sent in pursuit of the enemy. She prints in italics, and touches up with a mark of admiration, the statement that the Hussars and other cavalry regiments were kept near a ford where they had halted during the time when pursuit would have been effectual. And she proceeds to say that, "if the brigade had been otherwise commanded," certain other things would have happened which we need not specify. We wish to protest strongly against this kind of language. We presume that Mrs. Duberly's husband would scarcely have put into print, a few months after these events occurred, a statement reflecting so seriously on his superior officer. But it would have been ten times better for his superior officer if these offensive remarks had come from the pen of a soldier. A lady is safe. The sufferer cannot argue with her, or reply to her, or expose her. He must submit to her blackening his reputation. And yet what can be more unfair on a commanding officer, who has to judge of the whole bearings of complicated movements, than that a woman should accuse him of incapacity because he did not move her husband's regiment at the time and in the direction which she thinks proper? If the consequence of wives campaigning with their husbands is to be that regimental grumblings are to be formally printed and published, we cannot too strongly wish that Mrs. Duberly may be the last, as she has been the first, specimen of so dangerous an addition to a military force.

TO CUBA AND BACK.*

MR. DANA'S name is already familiar to most amateurs of nautical science and adventure, in virtue of his *Two Years Before the Mast* and his *Seaman's Manual*. Both these works are sufficiently instructive and entertaining to predispose their readers favourably towards the cultivation of a further acquaintance with him in his shore-going trim. The certainty that a writer really does know something about the particular subject which he pretends to know, is one of the best securities that his observations on other topics will be listened to. Part of the special authority derived from the professorial position occupied by any professional man speaking as such to the uninstructed laity, is refracted through the hazy trustfulness of an average audience into a kind of halo of general wisdom. Nor is such trustfulness altogether irrational. The habit of looking into one thing thoroughly does tend to give a more intuitive perception of the true bearings of things in general. Except in the case of a writer of capricious and inordinate vanity, it is probable that the special education will react so considerably on the application of the faculties to other subjects as to make the results of that application more practical and better worth attending to. The skill of the cobbler does go beyond his last, unless his cobbling itself is merely mechanical.

So, when Mr. Dana puts into a short and agreeable form the results of a fortnight's stay in Cuba, without pretending to be wiser or better-informed than his neighbours, we are inclined, in consideration of his antecedents, to trust him pretty fully as a sensible and impartial observer, and an accurate and conscientious describer. And the interest which attaches to his views of Cuba and her prospects is increased by the fact of his being a citizen of the great neighbouring Republic, whose absorbing powers are regarded with just and natural suspicion by the Cuban Government and population. An intelligent American tourist in the great West Indian dependency of Spain is obliged to face, more or less freely, the moral and political aspects of the problem of the ultimate destiny of Cuba. A Northerner, whether actively abolitionist, or merely by custom and instinct a sympathizer with the principles of emancipation, is not unlikely to enjoy less restricted opportunities of surveying, and to be animated with a calmer judicial spirit in considering, the true working of a system of slavery in a foreign country, than in the jealously guarded estates of his own Southern brethren and rivals.

Mr. Dana judiciously glances but slightly at the passage out and home. Except to those remarkable persons who invariably contrive to fall in with more remarkable personages than themselves under all circumstances of marine or terrestrial locomotion, a coasting voyage in a well-ordered steamer is generally a

matter of business, and no more. The art of spinning a pathetic, serio-comic, or ludicrous interlude out of a five-days' journey by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels to Gibraltar, is the exclusive property of literary Cockneydom. When Mr. Dana has entered in his log-book that he leaves New York all covered with mud and snow, at 1 P.M. on Saturday, the 12th of February, by the United States mail steamer *Cahawba*—that she sights the light of Cape Hatteras (that "huge burial-ground of sailors," as an old salt naturally remarks in passing) shortly after dark on Sunday—that in crossing the Gulf Stream, off the Cape, the temperature of the sea-water changes in a quarter of an hour from 42° to 72°—that on Wednesday you are in a summer climate, with awnings spread and soft trade-winds blowing round you—and on Thursday night you are lying in the offing of Havana, under tropical moonlight, and with the Southern Cross just visible above the horizon—he has done his duty by all the material facts of the voyage. He has brought his readers to the ground with the punctual and unobtrusive regularity which should distinguish a mail-steamer. There has been no waste of literary fuel—no noisy escape of unnecessary steam—no spectacle of an agonized author-captain sitting upon the safety-valves of his own irrepressible smartness. All has been done decently and in order, according to contract. You paid your money and took your ticket for Havana, and at Havana you are.

Once there, Mr. Dana does not spare his faculty of description. The pictures he gives of the Cuban metropolis itself, with its tropical luxuries and laziness, its dirty and dainty ways of existence, the Spanish grandiosities of its national manner, and the enervated pettiness of its national character, are pleasantly and forcibly drawn. It is always curious to observe how far the type of the mother-country is reproduced in a distant and long-established colony; and among the symptoms from which an accurate judgment on this point may best be deduced is the prevalence or the modification of exclusively national tastes and pastimes. As cricket and football flourish under all skies which look down upon English regiments in garrison, so, it seems, does the Spanish *dog* carry with it the appetite for bull-fighting. The *Plaza de Toros* is a permanent institution in Cuba. But if Mr. Dana was present at a fair specimen of the Cuban bull-fight, the worst features of the sport are those which have been most thoroughly naturalized. It seems easier to foster a stupid and cowardly ferocity in the population of Cuba than to educate West Indian cattle into the bloodthirsty spirit of the thoroughbred Spanish bulls, which infuses the only redeeming and manly element into the excitement of so questionable a spectacle. The firmness of nerve, the skill of fence, and the quickness of eye and limb which the Spanish gladiator must cultivate to the highest pitch for any chance of success or safety, appear to be almost wasted in the solemn butcheries of the Cuban amphitheatre. The performance which Mr. Dana saw repeated on five or six unhappy bovine quadrupeds might more appropriately be called ox-baiting than bull-fighting. As one of his Yankee companions phrased it, "If there is a milch cow in Vermont that wouldn't show more fight, under such usage, than them bulls, I'd buy her, and make a present of her to General Concha." Such are the Circensian games which satisfy the sporting tendencies of the Cuban Creoles and the colonial Spaniards. The comment made by the American visitor, coming from a land where the chief sport of the mob lies in the excitement of politics, is eloquent and apposite, while it is onesided:—

Such you are! You can cry and howl at bull-fights and cock-fights, and in the pits of opera and theatres, and drive bulls and horses distracted, and urge gallant game-cocks to the death, and applaud opera singers into patriotic songs, and leave them to imprisonment and fines—and you yourself cannot lift a finger, or join hand to hand, or bring to the hazard life, fortune, or honour for your liberty and your dignity as men. Work your slaves, torture your bulls, fight your game-cocks, crown your dancers and singers—and leave the weightier matters of judgment and justice, of fame by sea and land, of letters and arts and sciences, of private right and public honour, the present and future of your race and of your native land, to the care of others—to a people of no better blood than your own, strangers and sojourners among you!

Part, at least, of this contemptuous peroration might be fairly retorted on Mr. Dana's own brethren of the Upper Ten Thousand, who are content to leave the weightier matters of national policy to the guidance of the despotic multitude, and to live as aesthetic and fashionable strangers and sojourners among those whose liberty and dignity would be increased and strengthened by a less exclusive monopoly of political interests and power. Irony is too rare among American writers to allow us to suppose that any such back-handed blow was meant to be given in the passage we have quoted.

Mr. Dana was not satisfied with carrying away from Cuba the mere impressions of the life and scenery of its capital city. A coasting voyage to Matanzas, and a railroad journey into the interior, brought him into closer contact with the essential characteristics of the country and its history. The coffee and sugar plantations contain the real life, as they exhibit the successive staple industries of Cuba. Physical and economical causes have of late years induced an almost total change in the culture of the island. Competition in coffee-growing with the more southern West Indian islands and the Brazils, had gradually proved the unequal terms as to soil and climate under which the Cuban coffee-planters laboured, when the hurricanes of 1843 and 1845 laid waste many of the coffee-

* *To Cuba and Back.* By R. H. Dana, Jun. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

plantations, and opened a quicker and more certain road to the reproduction of any new outlay of capital by substituting the sugar-cane for the coffee-plant. It is difficult to conceive a more sweeping revolution in the character of a tropical landscape, or in the moral and social relations of life in a slave-holding country. The Cuban *café* (until it became a demonstrably hopeless economical failure) was outwardly a perfect Paradise; and the existence of its inmates was probably as paradisaical as is consistent with the tendencies of human nature in the correlative positions of master and slave. As the coffee-plant only flourishes under shade, the whole estate was laid out like a garden, sheltered by avenues of the finest trees. The tending and the preparation of the crop were both simple operations, and compatible with the cultivation of other garden and farm produce, so as to render the work of the negroes, if their proprietor willed it, constant and easy. The owner habitually resided on his plantation; and in this circumstance, beyond all others, are to be found the sympathies, or the possibilities of sympathy, which tend to lighten in practice the necessary evils of slavery. All this has been changed, in every sense, by the general introduction of the sugar-cane. Palms, cedars, oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, cocoas, pines, and mangoes have all been cleared out of the way of the inexorably exclusive and monotonous cane-field. No shade, no fruit, no ease, is compatible with the sugar cultivation. Everything connected with the process has to be done at high pressure, and against time; for the tropical rains and heat wait for no man, and the cane is soon spoiled. In Louisiana the sugar season, from the first ripening to the rains, extends over two months only. In Cuba it lasts for four. But even these four, says Mr. Dana, are short enough for the work to be done; and during that time the steam-engine plies and the caldrons of juice bubble night and day, and every negro is at work from seventeen to eighteen hours in the twenty-four. Seven and a-half hours for breakfast, dinner, and sleep are considered an exceptionally liberal allowance; but on the plantation where Mr. Dana fixed his head-quarters such liberality was recognised as a profitable policy. He was assured that the whip had not been used on that estate once in the last three years, and that, as a rule, the use of it on a woman was not permitted. Solitary confinement in dark cells, on a diet of bread and water, was the ordinary and effective punishment; but the whip was invariably carried by the overseers, as an impressive symbol of the power which might in the last resort be put in action. It is obvious that, except for economical or benevolent motives, there can be no such inducement for the owner to reside on the sugar plantation as was created by the beauty and luxurious quiet of the *café*. And it may be assumed that the mutual feelings of regard or sympathy, and the consciousness of respective duties between master and slave, are not likely to be improved by the substitution for the old quasi-patriarchal system of a machinery of which an agent or middleman is the governor. A favourable year will yield, in a well-managed sugar-plantation, a net produce of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. on the invested capital; but the risks are considerable. A fire in a cane-field, if it once spreads, is almost as serious a visitation for the district as a hurricane was to the well-planted *café* orchard. In the one case as in the other, stock and plant may be destroyed in a few hours. In talking of epidemic risks among the human cattle, Mr. Dana's entertainer told him that in the last cholera season he had lost twelve thousand dollars in a few days by deaths among his stock of a hundred negroes. Such are a few of the results of Mr. Dana's inquiries on the model sugar estate of *La Ariadne*—a fanciful name, given by its ingenious and classical owner in token of the sugar culture having shown him the way out of the prospects of insolvency which impended over the same estate, when planted in coffee, under its old name of the Labyrinth. If Ariadne ever gets into difficulties of her own on the sugar account, it is to be feared she is too close to the Equator for any vine-wreathed Bacchus to come and console her.

Mr. Dana is too cautious a mariner to wreck himself in attempting to solve *ex cathedrâ* the question of slave labour in Cuba. But the information furnished by him is not without its value, in showing how far the conditions under which the slave system is carried out in the Spanish island differ from the actual terms of its existence in the Southern States of the Union. It is difficult to procure a reliable census of the slave population, as the wish to evade the poll tax levied upon their sable property induces many among the owners to falsify their returns. The best estimate puts the slaves at 650,000, the free blacks at 200,000, and the whites at 700,000. Where one negro in every four is a free man, and practically enjoys, as such, the same legal rights in all respects as the whites among whom he lives—and where every slave apparently may have a chance of working out his freedom at a fair estimate of his market value—the system cannot be so hopelessly out of reach of gradual improvement and mitigation as it is represented to be on the mainland. The dangers of relaxing the iron hold of the white despotism, or allowing the slaves to increase their power by higher education, vary not only in proportion to the relative strength of the populations, but according to the greater or less chance of a really free career which the actual state of things can hold out to every intelligent individual slave. A slave-holding society is perhaps the one of all others in which the most fatal of mistakes is to discourage the existence of

class gradations. It is safer, it is more humane, and it will ultimately be found cheaper, for the landowners and slave-proprietors to promote the formation of every species of middle-class breaks of level between themselves and their human property, than to divide the two extremes of the social relation by one broad, hateful, impassable line. Mr. Dana notes two very relevant points of difference in the Cuban system, in the fact that the laws relating to slavery are made in Spain, and, therefore do not emanate from the slave-holding mind; while at the same time the civil offices in Cuba are held by Spaniards only, and therefore the slave-laws are not interpreted or executed by the slave-holding class. The second point is practically even more important than the first. Against the want of self-government under which the Cuban Creoles labour—and of which Mr. Dana, as we have seen, complains for them as becomes a free man—it may be something to set the interests of the slaves, more impartially provided for by the disinterested and distant imperial legislature. To take the most analogous instance from our own possessions, it will, we trust, be long indeed before the power of legislating for, or administering the laws over, the natives of India is entrusted as a political right to the independent English settlers in the three Presidencies.

Mr. Dana's general conclusion as to the political prospects of the island is wholesome and honest in tone, vague in application, but not destitute of meaning, considering which nation it is that is most anxious to buy, beg, borrow, or steal Cuba:—

The natural process for Cuba is an amelioration of her institutions under Spanish auspices. If this is not to be had, or if the connexion with Spain is dissolved in any way, she will probably be substantially under the protection of some other Power, or a part of another empire. Whatever nation may enter upon such an undertaking as this should take a bond of fate. Besides her internal danger and difficulties, Cuba is implicated externally with every cause of jealousy and conflict. She has been called the key to the Gulf of Mexico. But the Gulf of Mexico cannot be locked. Whoever takes her is more likely to find in her a key to Pandora's box. Close upon her is the great island of Jamaica, where the experiment of free negro labour in the same products is on trial. Near to her is Hayti, where the experiment of negro self-government is on trial; and further off—separated, it is true, by the great Gulf Stream, and with the neighbourhood of the almost uninhabited and uninhabitable sea-coast of Southern Florida, yet near enough to furnish some cause for uneasiness—are the Slave States of the great Republic. She is an island, too; and as an island, whatever Power holds or protects her must maintain on the spot a sufficient army and navy, as it would not do to rely upon being able to throw in troops and munitions of war, after notice of need.

As to the wishes of the Cubans themselves, the degree of reliance they place, or are entitled to place, on each other, and their opportunities and capacity for organized action of any kind, I have already set down all I can be truly said to know—

and very negative knowledge it is—

and there is no end to assertion and conjecture, or to the conflicting character of what is called information, whether received through men or books.

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